

FINDEN'S
ILLUSTRATIONS

OF THE

LIFE AND WORKS

OF

L O R D B Y R O N.

WITH ORIGINAL AND SELECTED INFORMATION ON THE
SUBJECTS OF THE ENGRAVINGS

BY

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IT has been thought desirable, in making up the first Eight Numbers of these Landscape and Portrait Illustrations of LORD BYRON into a Volume, to arrange them in a manner less desultory than was the unavoidable order of their publication, and to accompany the Plates with accounts of the subjects of the Engravings, from authors of eminence and from original sources. The First Volume is thus presented to the Public in a complete form; and the succeeding Eight Numbers of the Work will, upon their publication, be adapted in the same way, and form an elegant accession to the drawing-room table and to the library of illustrated works.

VILLENEUVE.

TITLE-VIGNETTE.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A.

THE approach to the lake of Geneva from Italy, on the side of the canton of the Pays de Vaud, is one of striking beauty, which seldom fails to arrest the attention of the traveller. The lofty mountains that bound the northern shores of this extremity of the lake spring almost abruptly from the water's edge ; the castle of Chillon appears in the extreme distance. Yet it was amidst these scenes, on the shores of the lake of Geneva, that Lord Byron, as he writes in his journal, September 18, 1816, "met an English party in a carriage ; a lady in it fast asleep—fast asleep in the most anti-narcotic place in the world—excellent!"

LIST OF PLATES.

<i>Subject.</i>	<i>Drawn by</i>	<i>From a Sketch by</i>
VILLENEUVE (TITI VIGNETTI).	C. STANFIELD, A.R.A.	
GIBRALTAR	J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.	
LACHIN Y GAIR.....	C. STANFIELD, A.R.A.	REV. J. D. GLENNIE.
LACHIN Y GAIR..	F. G. ROBSON.	
MISS CHAWORTH.	F. STONE.	(ORIGINAL MINIATURE.)
BELEM CASTLE, LISBON.	C. STANFIELD, A.R.A.	
LISBON, FROM FORT ALMADA	C. STANFIELD, A.R.A.	W. PAGE.
CINTRA	C. STANFIELD, A.R.A.	CAPT. ELLIOT.
MAFRA	D. ROBERTS.	C. LANDSEER.
MAID OF SARAGOZA	F. STONE.	
CADIZ	LIEUT.-COL. BATTY.	
CAGLIARI, SARDINIA.	W. WESTALL, A.R.A.	
ETNA	W. PURSER.	
MALTA	J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.	
PATRASS	G. CATTFRMOLE.	W. PAGE.
ITHACA.....	C. STANFIELD, A.R.A.	W. PAGE.
SANTA MAURA	C. STANFIELD, A.R.A.	W. PAGE.
CORFU	C. STANFIELD, A.R.A.	W. PAGE.
YANINA	C. STANFIELD, A.R.A.	W. PAGE.
ALI PACHA...	F. STONE.	(ORIGINAL SKETCH.)
DELPHI	C. STANFIELD, A.R.A.	W. PAGE.
CORINTH.....	C. STANFIELD, A.R.A.	W. PAGE.
THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS	J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.	T. ALLASON.
TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPIUS, ATHENS.....	{ C. STANFIELD, A.R.A.	W. PAGE.
TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPIUS, AT ATHENS...	{ C. STANFIELD, A.R.A.	W. PAGE.

LIST OF PLATES.

<i>Subject.</i>	<i>Drawn by</i>	<i>From a Sketch by</i>
MAID OF ATHENS	F. STONE.	T. ALLASON.
FRANCISCAN CONVENT, ATHENS....	C. STANFIELD, A.R.A.	W. PAGE.
CAPE COLONNA	W. PURSER.	
TEMPLE OF MINERVA, CAPE COLONNA. }	J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.	T. ALLASON.
SANTA SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE	D. ROBERTS, A.R.A.	W. PAGE.
SANTA SOPHIA, FROM THE BOSPHORUS..	D. ROBERTS, A.R.A.	R. COCKERILL, A.R.A.
SPOLETO	J. D. HARDING.	
PIAZETTA, VENICE.....	S. PROUT.	
MARGUERITA COGNI	G. H. HARLOW.	
VERONA	W. CAICOTT, R.A.	
BELLAGIO, LAKE OF COMO	H. GASTENFAU.	
THE SIMPLON, VILLAGE.....	H. GASTENFAU.	
CHAMOUNI	J. D. HARDING.	W. PAGE.
CASTLE OF CHILLON	J. D. HARDING.	W. PAGE.
GENEVA	J. D. HARDING.	W. PAGE.
THE RIGHT HON. LADY NOEL BYRON	W. J. NEWTON.	(ORIGINAL MINIATURE.)
ADA	F. STONE.	(ORIGINAL MINIATURE.)

GIBRALTAR.

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

“ Through Calpe’s straits survey the steepy shore ;
Europe and Afric on each other gaze !
Lands of the dark-eyed maid and dusky Moor.”

Childe Harold, canto ii. st. 22.

“ THE promontory of Gibraltar (the ancient Mount Calpe) derives its name from the Arabic, ‘ Jebal al Târik,’ being the spot where Târik, the Moorish leader, landed to attack Spain. The town of Gibraltar has erroneously been supposed to be built on the site of the ancient Heraclea. It appears, however, that Heraclea was situated near Carteia, five miles to the west of Mount Calpe, where extensive ruins are still visible. No remains or coins, excepting of Moorish origin, are found at Gibraltar. The Moorish castle, whose ~~massy~~ towers are seen above the northern extremity of the town, was built, according to an Arabic inscription still visible, in the time of the Caliph Walid, soon after the period of his landing here. It is chiefly constructed of tapia, or cement, moulded in frames,

GIBRALTAR.

and the whole incrusted with cement of a finer quality : the cupolas and arches are of brick-work. These walls and towers have become so indurated by time, that, during the great siege, the shot from the enemy's cannon made but little impression on them. Gibraltar remained in possession of the Moors from the period when they first took it, A. D. 711, for about seven hundred and fifty years, when the Spaniards again got possession of it. On the 23d of July, 1704, Sir George Rooke, with the combined English and Dutch fleets, cannonaded Gibraltar : and a body of troops under the Prince d'Armstadt having landed, part on the isthmus north of the town, and part on the southern extremity of the promontory, the place was summoned on the 24th ; after a feeble resistance, this fortress surrendered to the English, in whose possession it has ever since remained. Its importance is so great, from its commanding the passage which connects the Mediterranean with the Atlantic, that attempts were made in 1705 and 1727 to dispossess the British ; and finally, in that memorable period when it was so nobly defended by General Elliot, with a garrison varying in amount from five thousand to seven thousand men. The first operations of this famous siege took place in July 1779, and were continued during that year, and also in 1780 and 1781. In this period the garrison was deprived of regular communication with England, and could be

GIBRALTAR.

relieved only by the arrival of a powerful fleet ; this was twice effected — once by Admiral Rodney, and subsequently by Admiral Darby. At last, in 1782, the Spaniards, aided by a numerous fleet and army from France, made a grand attack by gun-boats and floating batteries on the 13th of September ; but a discharge of red-hot shot from the garrison fired and destroyed the flotilla. The following month, a British fleet arrived with succour, and, on the signature of peace in February 1783, the *siege* was relinquished, and this key to the Mediterranean still appertains to Great Britain.

In a letter to Mr. Hodgson, dated Gibraltar, August 6th, 1809, Lord Byron says, “ I have just arrived at this place, after a journey through Portugal and a part of Spain of nearly five hundred miles. We left Lisbon, and travelled on horseback to Seville and Cadiz, and thence in the Hyperion frigate to Gibraltar.”

Byron left Gibraltar in the packet for Malta on the 19th of August. He had intended to pass over to Africa ; but this he afterwards relinquished. Though he resided a fortnight at Gibraltar, except the beautiful description of his moonlight passage through the straits, it does not appear that he found inspiration there for his muse. The *siege* of Saragoza drew from him an immortal record of its determined defence ; was it caprice that made him indifferent to the glories of his country, on the spot where they had shone most conspicuously in

GIBRALTAR.

the gallant and unparalleled defence of Gibraltar by Elliot, and the not less glorious display of humanity by the British, when Curtis exposed himself and his crews to so much danger to rescue his Spanish enemies from wreck and fire in the destruction of their gun-boats? Fortunately for Lord Byron's reputation, the omission is not singular. His poetical powers were often dormant amidst scenes associated with events that needed not his aid to immortality—scenes a thousand times more inspiring, in the estimation of common minds, than those over which his muse has shed a lustre that has brightened into notice places that would, if unmentioned by him, have remained unknown.



100-47

100-47
by the No. 1st Rec.

LACHIN Y GAIR.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A. from a Sketch by the Rev. J. D. Glennie.

“ Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses !
 In you let the minions of luxury rove ;
Restore me the rocks, where the snow-flake reposes,
 Though still they are sacred to freedom and love :
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
 Round their white summits though elements war ;
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

“ Ah ! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd ;
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid ;
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
 As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade :
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star ;
For fancy was cheered by traditional story,
 Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

“ Shades of the dead ! have I not heard your voices
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale ?
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
 And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale.

LACHIN Y GAIR.

Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car :
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers ;
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

“ Years have rolled on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
Years must elapse ere I tread you again :
Nature of verdure and flow’rs has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion’s plain.
England ! thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roved on the mountains afar :
Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic !
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr !”

Hours of Idleness.

“ IN the summer of the year 1796, after an attack of scarlet fever, he was removed by his mother for change of air into the Highlands ; and it was either at this time, or in the following year, that they took up their residence in a farm-house in the neighbourhood of Ballater,—a favourite summer resort for health and gaiety, about forty miles up the Dee from Aberdeen. Though this house, where they still shew with much pride the bed on which young Byron slept, has become naturally a place of pilgrimage for the worshippers of genius, neither its own appearance, nor that of the small bleak valley in which it stands, is at all worthy of being associated with the memory of a poet. Within a short distance of it, however, all those features of

LACHIN Y GAIR.

wildness and beauty which mark the course of the *Dee* through the Highlands may be commanded. Here the dark summit of Lachin y Gair stood towering before the eyes of the future bard ; and the verses in which, not many years afterwards, he commemorated this sublime object, shew that, young as he was at the time, its ‘frowning glories’ were not unnoticed by him ”

Moore's Life of Lord Byron.

The view here given is from a sketch made by the Rev. J. D. Glennie from within a short distance of the cottage or farm of Ballatrech, near Ballater, where Lord Byron was taken when a boy ; and to such scenes in the Highlands as lay around him, his early inspirations of the grand and the beautiful in nature may be traced. Lachin y Gair, in this view, is the most distant object seen from near Byron's residence. It is one of the highest mountains in Scotland—rising about four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and takes its name from a little lake, or lochan, which lies at the base of some vast precipices of gray granite, which overhang it at an elevation of 1,300 feet. This lake is said, as usual of all such mountain tarns, to be unfathomable ; but it is exceedingly deep, and the small stream which flows from it passes a long way concealed under the débris of the mountain ; nor submerges even when it reaches the heather and the moss, beneath which the ear alone traces

LACHIN Y GAIR.

its course, except such occasional glimpses as its white foam sometimes betrays amidst its dark recesses.* The Rev. J. D. Glennie, who visited the scenes in the Grampians which are associated with Byron, says, “ We asked our guide, a sturdy old Highlander of seventy, whom we could scarcely restrain from walking too fast for us up the hills, whether there were any fish in the lochan ; on which he told us, with a mysterious look, and in an under tone, that there were plenty, and fine fish too, but nobody ever fished there ; for, ‘ as he had heard say,’ the last person that tried it had good sport for some time, but at last he observed a man on the opposite side of the lake, under the rock, fishing also, throwing his line exactly as he did, and pulling out fish only when he did it himself. Not knowing what to make of so strange a circumstance, the angler shifted his ground, when, wonderful to relate ! his opposite neighbour at once vanished ! He was evidently

* It was facts like these, which, observed by Byron, stored his mind with such beautiful images from nature as that which describes the expression of Selim in the Bride of Abydos :

*“ As the stream late concealed
By the fringe of its willows,
When it rushes reveal’d
In the light of its billows—
As the ball bursts on high,
From the black cloud that bound it,
Flash’d the soul of that eye
Through the long lashes round it.”*

LACHIN Y GAIR.

something ‘no canny,’ added the old man, and nobody has ever fished in that loch since.” In these regions of mist, such an apparition might very probably occur, and would be sure to make a lasting impression upon the fears and imaginations of the superstitious Highlanders.

In the view of Lachin y Gair, from Mr. Glennie’s sketch, the village of Ballater is seen rather on the left, near the banks of the river Dee. Its principal objects are also shewn in a view given in “Robson’s Grampian Scenery,” taken from near the same spot, and are thus described in that work: “The pass of Ballater (which lies on the right of this scene) forms the grand eastern entrance to the Highlands. It is a very narrow strait, and appears to have been produced by some great convulsion of nature, which has rent a mountainous ridge into two parts, and left an awful chasm between them, at the bottom of which is the road. Each side of this defile is covered with huge stones and masses of rock — the tremendous effects of elemental strife, and the ruins of the mountain. The pass of Ballater differs from most of the other great passes in the Grampian range, by not forming the channel of a river: it is a mere mountain rift.

“To the south of the river Dee is Glen Muich, the valley which appears to turn to the left from Ballater; it is remarkable for a fine cataract, formed by the river of the glen, which, after running through a tract of

LACIIN Y GAIR.

level moor, falls at once down a perpendicular rock of semicircular form, into a hole of so great a depth, that, according to Mr. Pennant, it is supposed by the vulgar to be bottomless.

“ Lachin y Gair, which occasionally displays its lofty and perpendicular cliffs over the ridges in the south-west, increases in dignity of appearance as we advance up the north side of the valley; its broad summit gradually assumes a more pointed form, as the angle of vision changes, and the mountain becomes foreshortened by perspective. After passing the village of Crathy, the sinking ridges that stretch along the opposite shores of the river disclose the lower regions of this noble hill.”

In the very interesting account of the great floods of the province of Moray, in August 1829, by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bt., the sudden and vast increase of the torrent of the Dee, and its destructive effects at Ballater, are related, and with almost the only comic incidents connected with this awful catastrophe.

“ The village of Ballater, formed of regular streets, crossing each other at right angles, covers a considerable extent of ground immediately below the bend of the river, and about 12 feet above the ordinary level of the stream. The beautiful stone bridge, designed by Mr. Telford, consisting of five arches, with an aggregate water-way of 200 feet, was thrown across from

LACHIN Y GAIR.

the centre of the great square to the opposite bank, in 1819, at an expense of 5000*l.*

“ The rain and hurricane on the 3d of August, at Ballater, was attended, in the evening, by the brightest lightning, and the loudest thunder, ever seen or heard there; and the same shock of earthquake which was experienced elsewhere was sensibly felt by different individuals in the village and its neighbourhood. The Dee rose gradually till about eleven o'clock at night, when the same partial subidence took place which was observed in all the other rivers; and the inhabitants, thinking that all cause for apprehension was now over, retired to rest in full confidence. Ballater is always crowded, during the summer months, with invalids and other visitors, brought together by the fame of the chalybeate wells of Pananich, which spring from the side of the wooded hill on the right bank of the river; or attracted by the salubrity of the air, and the grandeur of the surrounding scenery. This was the height of the season, and not a house in the village was without some inmate of more than ordinary consequence. Among these was a lady, who was suddenly disturbed, about half an hour after midnight, by voices talking loud and earnestly under her window; and the ominous words, ‘flood,’ ‘deluge,’ ‘drooned,’ and ‘hae mercy on us a!’ having reached her ears, she thought it was time to inquire what had occasioned them.

LACHIN Y GAIR.

Opening her window, therefore, she asked what was the matter. ‘The Dee’s oot ower bank and brae’ cried half a dozen voices at once, ‘an’ some o’ the hooses are surrounded wi’ water ; an’ they’ve been carryin’ oot the founk, sae ye had better get up a’the-gither o’ ye, for she’s comin’ roarin’ doon just like an ocean, an’ we’ll be a’ drooned !’ Extravagant as all this clamour appeared, there was some foundation for their fears ; for an individual in one of the houses the water had made its way into, particularly marked the progress of its rise, during a whole hour, in the staircase, which was at the astonishingly rapid rate of one foot in every ten minutes !

“ The lady lost no time in dressing ; but, as the house she occupied had several others between it and the river, and was, moreover, on rather higher ground, she did not as yet think it necessary to leave it. But, about half past three o’clock, the flood increased, and swept before it the two northern arches of the bridge at one and the same instant ; and in the course of two hours afterwards, the three others were borne away in succession. Those who saw the first arches go, assured me that the noise was tremendous, and that the ‘ splash’ of the water was so great that it was driven over the tops of the adjoining houses. Certain it is that the current was so arrested, for a moment, by the ruins, as to produce a recoil that burst open the doors, and

LACHIN Y GAIR.

smashed many of the windows of the offices belonging to the inn. This dreadful reflux of water alarmed the lady I have mentioned, and she and her party deemed it prudent to move ; and, in doing so, they had to wade more than a hundred yards through the town before they could get to a dry house. But they were fortunate in so escaping, for danger now swept into the village from a quarter where it was least expected. At a point about half a mile to the north-west, the river burst over its banks ; and, following the track of an old water-course, a stream of about four feet deep came rushing down through the streets. Now was the bustle, the hubbub, the screaming, and the plunging, of delicate and nervous women, all wading for their lives—something too serious for matter of merriment. And yet there were scenes that were irresistibly comic. On most of these strangers the catastrophe came so suddenly, that they were only roused from their sleep to flee from the deluge, in drapery that, to say nothing more of it, was at least too scanty for encountering the raging elements in this most tempestuous night. Every horse in the village, and every vehicle that could be made useful, was pressed into active service, to convey the invalids and the more helpless to some place of safety. One of the lumbering Aberdeen and Ballater coaches was ferreted out, and the horses being yoked to it, the interior was filled, and the outside covered with

LACHIN Y GAIR.

so great a number of passengers as set the laws at defiance. Nor was there any great ceremony used in the manner of bestowing this overload of human beings. Ladies and gentlemen, young and old, fat and lean, strangers to each other, were all huddled in together, all anxious to escape, but each wishing that the rest had been away, or at least that an introduction had taken place under other circumstances. Many a fair creature had her slumbers rudely broken ; and a blanket being thrown around her, she was scarcely conscious of what passed, till she found herself hoisted in the arms of some hero, who, rejoicing at the accident, and proud of his precious burden, was seen gallantly plunging along, middle-deep, with an air that might have done honour to a quadrille. It is impossible to say how many of the tedious outworks of courtship were swept away by the flood at Ballater.

“ Still the waters went on increasing, and so rapidly did they gain on the village, that the house to which the lady and her party had fled for refuge was so inundated in half an hour after they reached it, that they were again compelled to move. Still was the crowd of provincial fashionables to be seen floundering on. In the midst of a terrified group of grown daughters, who were hanging around her, one lady clung to her worthy husband and their dear papa, till the good man, who was rather corpulent, had been nearly pressed

LACHIN Y GAIR.

down into the water by the weight of their united embraces. ‘ Call you this a watering-place ? ’ exclaimed he, as he shook himself good-naturedly free of them, on reaching a dry spot, and began to get a little freer breathing ; ‘ if you catch me coming a-watering again this gate, I’ll alloo ye to mak’ a waterkelpie o’ me.’

“ Few of the houses of the village suffered much ; but, as many of them were filled from four to six feet deep of water, a great deal of furniture was destroyed. The most deplorable loss was that of the magnificent bridge. The appearance of the ruins, when I saw them, as viewed from the window of the inn, with a ruined flower-garden in the foreground, was truly lamentable ; nothing remaining but the two land-breasts of the north and south arches, and a tall, spectre-like fragment of a central pier, rearing itself from the midst of the triumphant stream, as if quivering from dread of its utter annihilation. The whole crops of the fertile plain below the village were of course completely destroyed.

“ The view of Ballater, from the lower extremity of the plain, is something quite exquisite. I do not speak of the village itself, which, at that distance, presents little more than the indication of a ‘ town, with a steeple rising from it ; but I allude to the grand features of nature by which it is surrounded. The very smallness of the town, indeed, adds to the altitude of the mountains ; for, when seen from the point I mean, it might

LACHIN Y GAIR.

be a city for aught the traveller knows to the contrary. It stands half hidden among trees in the rich and diversified vale. On the north rises the mountainous rock of Craigdarroch, luxuriantly wooded with birch, and divided off from the bounding mountains of that side of the valley by the wild and anciently impregnable Pass of Ballater. Beyond the river, amidst an infinite variety of slopes and woods, is seen the tall old hunting-tower of Knock ; and behind it distance rises over distance, till the prospect is terminated by the long and shivered front, and (when I saw it on the 15th of October last) the snow-covered ridge of Lochnagar, the nurse of the sublime genius of Byron, who, in his beautiful little poem, so entitled, still

“ ‘ Sighs for the valley of dark Loch-na-gar.’ ”



LACHIN Y GAIR.

Drawn by F. G. Robson.

“ He who first met the Highland’s swelling blue
Will love each peak that shews a kindred hue,
Hail in each crag a friend’s familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his mind’s embrace
Long have I roam’d through lands which are not mine,
Adored the Alp, and loved the Appennine,
Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
Jove’s Ida and Olympus crown the deep :
But ‘twas not all long ages’ lore, nor all
Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall ;
The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Loch na Garr with Ida look’d o’er Troy,
Mix’d Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
And Highland linns with Castalie’s clear fount.”

Island, canto ii. st. 12.

THESE lines are in a poem written within two years of Lord Byron’s death, and mark the impressions which the scenes of his boyhood had made upon his feelings and his memory. “ When very young,” he adds in a note, “ about eight years of age, after an attack of the scarlet fever at Aberdeen, I was removed, by medical advice, into the Highlands ; and from this

LACHIN Y GAIR.

period I date my love of mountainous countries. I can never forget the effect, a few years afterwards, in England, of the only thing I had long seen, even in miniature, of a mountain, in the Malvern Hills. After I returned to Cheltenham, I used to watch them every afternoon, at sunset, with a sensation which I cannot describe."

"Where it happens," says Moore, "as was the case with Lord Byron in Greece, that the same peculiar features of nature, over which memory has shed this reflective charm, are reproduced before the eyes under new and inspiring circumstances, and with all the accessories which an imagination in its full vigour and wealth can lend them, then, indeed, do both the past and present combine to make the enchantment complete; and never was there a heart more borne away by this confluence of feelings than that of Byron. In a poem written about a year or two before his death,"—the poem and passage above quoted,—"he traces all his enjoyment of mountain scenery to the impressions received during his residence in the Highlands; and even attributes the pleasure which he experienced in gazing upon Ida and Parnassus, far less to classic remembrances than to those fond and deep-felt associations by which they brought back the memory of his boyhood and Lachin y Gair."

In every recurrence to these early scenes, even in

LACHIN Y GAIR.

poems which spring from gloomy feelings, his memory refreshes his spirit, as the mountain air gave him health and energy in his rambles :

“ When I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath,
And climb'd thy steep summit, oh Morven ! of snow,
To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gathered below —

I rose with the dawn ; with my dog as my guide,
From mountain to mountain I bounded along ;
I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide,
And heard at a distance the Highlander's song.”

Hours of Idleness.

It was amidst such scenes, as the view which Mr. Robson's drawing presents, that Byron rambled in the mountains and the glens of this part of the Grampian range. Here “ the summit of Lachin y Gair rises over the centre of the distant group. The eminence towards the right side of the plate, on which is scattered a birch-wood, is called the Craig of Clunie ; at its base is the river Dee ; in the middle distance, more towards the left, is Invercauld House, the hospitable mansion of Mr. Farquharson. Invercauld is situated in the midst of the Grampians, in a flat and fertile valley, watered by the Dee ; the west side of this valley is screened by bold rocks, which are adorned with aged birch-trees ; the hills that rise opposite to these

LACHIN Y GAIR.

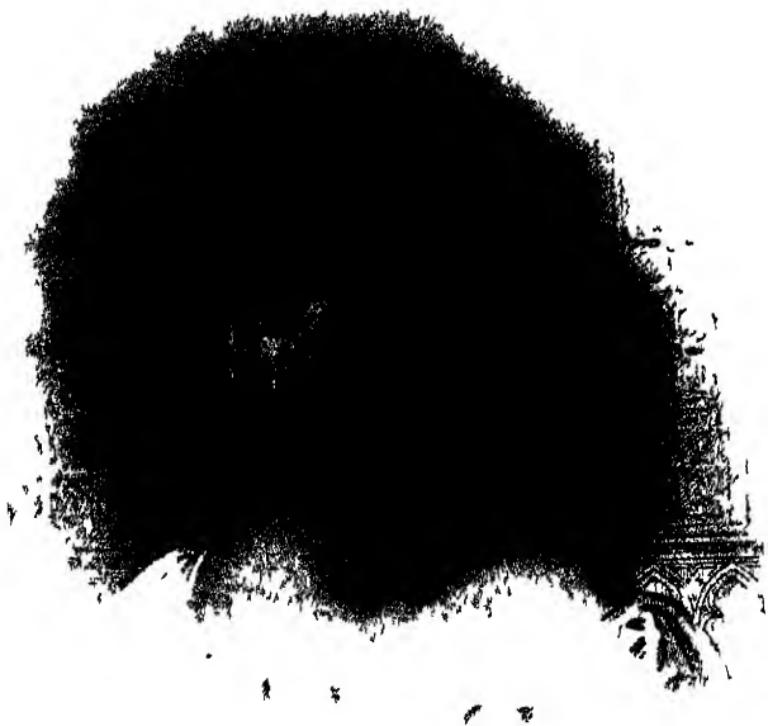
have a more prolonged ascent, and are invested with the deep green of Scotch fir, or the pine, with which the pale hue of the birch occasionally mingles. The eminences that rise to the south and are connected with the great mountain of Lachin y Gair, have on their sides an extensive forest of large and ancient pines; on the north, the rocky front of Ben y Bourd forms a fine boundary to the scene, in an extended range of precipices, whose summits retain traces of snow throughout the year."

" As a picturesque object, few mountains in the Grampian range are more interesting than Lachin y Gair. Though its summit stretches horizontally to a great extent, it is far from presenting a heavy or inelegant contour, for even where its broad front is displayed to the spectator, the brow of it is diversified by gentle inflections or pointed asperities. The peculiar acuteness of its highest pinnacle is another circumstance of characteristic beauty, which distinguishes this mountain from its more lumpish neighbours; but the most sublime feature of Lachin y Gair consists in those immense perpendicular cliffs of granite, which give such impressive grandeur to its north-eastern aspect. This stupendous precipice extends upwards of a mile and a half in length, and its height is from 950 to 1300 feet. Lachin y Gair does not enjoy the advantages of an insulated situation with respect to the neighbouring

LACHIN Y GAIR.

hills. On the west it is connected with a number of lofty mountains, which extend far into the adjacent counties; but viewed from some of the stations which the banks of the Dee afford, its altitude surmounts those obstructions to a display of its majestic form, which the inferior eminences contiguous to it present to the spectator; and the mountain of Lachin y gair may justly be esteemed the finest feature that occurs in the eastern portion of the Grampian chain."

Robson's Scenery of the Grampians.



MISS CHAWORTH.

Drawn by F. Stone, from an Original Miniature.

“ I had been long in love with M. A. C., and never told of it, though *she* had discovered it without. I recollect my sensations, but cannot describe them, and it is as well.”—*Lord Byron's Diary*.

THE early and imperishable affection which was felt by Lord Byron for this lady, and the influence which the destruction of his hopes, not deferred but crushed, had upon his future conduct and happiness, present, from first to last, directly in the expressions of his feeling, or indirectly in its influence upon his character, the most prominent feature in the life of this extraordinary man.

“ It was in the year 1803,” says Moore, “ that his heart, already twice, as we have seen, possessed with the childish notion that it loved, conceived an attachment which—young as he was, even then, for such a feeling—sunk so deep into his mind as to give a colour to all his future life. That unsuccessful loves are generally the most lasting, is a truth, however sad, which unluckily did not require this instance to confirm it.

MISS CHAWORTH.

To the same cause, I fear, must be traced the perfect innocence and romance which distinguish this very early attachment to Miss Chaworth from the many others that succeeded, without effacing it in his heart."

The young poet was in his sixteenth year, and the object of his attachment about two years older. The family of Miss Chaworth resided at Annesley, in the immediate neighbourhood of Newstead; and when Lord Byron was on a visit to the latter place, then in the occupation of Lord Gray de Ruthven, he renewed an intimacy with the Chaworts, which had begun a short time before in London; and during the six weeks of his visit, which he now passed chiefly in her company, he drank deep of fascination, and laid the foundation of that unfortunate affection which lasted his own life, and to which he has given an immortality.

Miss Chaworth was an heiress of large estates, and possessed of much personal beauty; but the difference of two years in their ages—a difference which, two years later, would scarcely have been observed—made her feel that his was the affection of a boy for one who was conscious of being a woman. It was impossible that she could be insensible of his love for her; and Byron was aware that her affections had been given to another. His own mention of his love for her, and the circumstances attending it, must acquit her of having trifled with his feelings, or indulged hopes which she

MISS CHAWORTH.

never intended to realise. Byron used to say, that when he took his last farewell of her on the hill near Annesley, “ no one could have told how *much* he felt—for his countenance was calm, and his feelings restrained.” “ The next time I see you,” said he in parting with her, “ I suppose you will be Mrs. Chaworth ”* Her answer was, “ I hope so.” His recollection of this scene produced that exquisite passage in his works, of which Moore has said, “ The picture which he has drawn of his youthful love, in one of the most interesting of his poems, ‘ the Dream,’ shews how genius and feeling can elevate the realities of life, and give to the commonest events and objects an undying lustre.”

“ I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity, the last
As ’twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Scatter’d at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs ;—the hill
Was crown’d with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fix’d,

* Mr. Musters took her name, and continued to use it for some time after his marriage with Miss Chaworth.

MISS CHAWORTH.

Not by the sport of nature, but of man :
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her ;
And both were young, and one was beautiful :
And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood ;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him ; he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away ;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers ;
She was his voice ; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words ; she was his sight,
For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
Which colour'd all his objects :—he had ceased
To live within himself ; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all : upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share :
Her sighs were not for him ; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more ; 'twas much
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestow'd on him ;
Herself the solitary scion left

MISS CHAWORTH.

Of a time-honour'd race.—It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not—and why?
Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
Another; even *now* she loved another,
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
There was an ancient mansion, and before
Its walls there was a steed caparison'd :
Within an antique oratory stood
The boy of whom I spake ;— he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro : anon
He sat him down, and seized a pen, and traced
Words which I could not guess of ; then he lean'd
His bow'd head on his hands, and shook as 'twere
With a convulsion—then arose again,
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written—but he shed no tears.
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet : as he paused
The lady of his love re-enter'd there ;
She was serene and smiling then, and yet
She knew she was by him beloved,—she knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
Was darken'd with her shadow, and she saw
That he was wretched, but she saw not all.
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand ; a moment o'er his face

MISS CHAWORTH.

A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, and then it faded, as it came ;
He dropp'd the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,
For they did part with mutual smiles ; he pass'd
From out the massy gate of that old hall,
And mounting on his steed he went his way ;
And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more."

The following lines, written in 1811, will shew with what gloomy fidelity, even while under the pressure of recent sorrow, the poet reverted to this disappointment of his early affection :

" 'Twere long to tell, and vain to hear
The tale of one who scorns a tear ;
And there is little in that tale
Which better bosoms would bewail.
But mine has suffer'd more than well
'Twould suit Philosophy to tell.
I've seen my bride another's bride, —
Have seen her seated by his side, —
Have seen the infant which she bore
Wear the sweet smile the mother bore,
When she and I in youth have smiled
As fond and faultless as her child ; —
Have seen her eyes, in cold disdain,
Ask if I felt no secret pain.
And I have acted well my part,
And made my cheek belie my heart :

MISS CHAWORTH.

Return'd the freezing glance she gave,
Yet felt the while *that* woman's slave ; —
Have kiss'd, as if without design,
The babe which ought to have been mine,
And shew'd, alas ! in each caress,
Time had not made me love the less."

Another beautiful address to her was written a few days after Byron had been invited to dine at Annesley. When the infant daughter of Mrs. Chaworth, his fair hostess, was brought into the room, he started involuntarily, and with the utmost difficulty suppressed his emotion. To his sensations at that moment we are indebted for the following intense expression of feeling :

" Well ! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too ;
For still my heart regards thy weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest—and 'twill impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot :
But let them pass—Oh ! how my heart
Would hate him, if he loved thee not !

When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break ;
But when the unconscious infant smiled,
I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

MISS CHAWORTH.

*I kiss'd it, — and repress'd my sighs
Its father in its face to see ;
But then it had its mother's eyes,
And they were all to love and me.*

*Mary, adieu ! I must away :
While thou are blest I'll not repine ;
But near thee I can never stay ;
My heart would soon again be thine.*

*I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
Had quench'd at length my boyish flame ;
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
My heart in all,— save hope,— the same.*

*Yet was I calm : I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look ;
But now to tremble were a crime—
We met,— and not a nerve was shook.*

*I saw thee gaze upon my face,
Yet meet with no confusion there :
One only feeling could'st thou trace—
The sullen calmness of despair.*

*Away ! away ! my early dream
Remembrance never must awake :
Oh ! where is Lethe's fabled stream ?
My foolish heart, be still, or break."*

Again, in 1821, in his Diary, he writes:—" Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had

MISS CHAWORTH.

been shed by our fathers; it would have joined lands broad and rich; it would have joined at least one heart, and two persons not ill matched in years (she is two years my elder), and—and—and—what has been the result?" In another mention, in 1822, of his deep, unalterable affection:—"Our meetings were stolen ones, and a gate leading from Mr. Chaworth's grounds to those of my mother was the place of our interviews; but the ardour was all on my side. I was serious; she was volatile: she liked me as a younger brother, and treated and laughed at me as a boy; she, however, gave me her picture, and that was something to make verses upon. Had I married her, perhaps the whole tenour of my life would have been different."

Many exquisite stanzas record the frequent, almost constant, recurrence of his blighted happiness. Those beginning,

" And wilt thou weep when I am low?"—

And—

" When man expell'd from Eden's bowers."

Again—

" "Tis done—and shivering in the gale."

These and others will be found in "Hours of Idleness," and "Occasional Pieces," in the seventh volume, 12mo. of his Life and Works.

MISS CHAWORTH.

What increases the melancholy character of this unfortunate and unrequited attachment, is, that the lady's marriage was an unhappy one. Lord Byron says, in an unpublished letter written in 1823 :—“ Miss Chaworth married a man of an ancient and respectable family, but her marriage was not a happier one than my own. Her conduct, however, was irreproachable ; but there was not sympathy between their characters. I had not seen her for many years, when an occasion offered. I was upon the point, with her consent, of paying her a visit, when my sister, who has always had more influence over me than any one else, persuaded me not to do it.”

Miss Chaworth was married in August 1805, and died at Wiverton Hall, in February 1832, in consequence, it is believed, of the alarm and danger to which she had been exposed during the sack of Colwick Hall, by a party of rioters from Nottingham. The unfortunate lady had been in a feeble state of health for several years, and she and her daughter were obliged to take shelter from the violence of the mob in a shrubbery, where, partly from cold, partly from terror, her constitution sustained a shock which it wanted vigour to resist.



Figure 1
Dawn at 2:30 AM

Dawn at 2:30 AM

BELEM CASTLE, LISBON.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A.

“ On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
And winds are rude in Biscay’s sleepless bay
Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,
New shores descried make every bosom gay.
And Cintra’s mountain greets them on their way,
And Tagus dashing onwards to the deep,
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay;
And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap,
And steer ‘twixt fertile shores, where yet few rustics reap.”

Childe Harold, canto i. st. 14.

“ ABOUT twelve leagues,” says Mr. Kinsey, “ from Cape Feizerão, is the lofty promontory of the Calço da Rocca, commonly termed by the British navigators ‘ the Rock of Lisbon,’ which forms the termination of the high chain of mountains that run in the direction of Cintra towards the sea. The highest point of elevation to which this Serra de Cintra attains is about eighteen hundred feet; the summit, on which the Penha convent is situated (and which may be clearly

BELEM CASTLE, LISBON.

distinguished at sea, off the rock, in fine weather, and early in the morning), wanting about eighty feet of that height. That more immediately of the rock of Lisbon, perpendicularly taken, may be something less than two hundred feet above the level of the shore beneath. The coast is rocky and dangerous; but on the summit of the rock there is a tower for a light-house, of whose utility let sailors speak! A short way to the rear of the light-house, the land rises up into the mountainous ridge, extending towards the north-east, in the direction of Cintra, and which we have already designated as the Serra de Cintra. The whole Serra is remarkable for the numerous uneven and detached eminences which successively present themselves to the eye. The ‘glorious Eden of Cintra’ is situated on its northern slope, and commands a view of the Atlantic down a lovely vale, through the orchards and lemon-groves of Colares.

“ About six miles from the Rock of Lisbon, towards the east, and near the light-house of Nossa Senhora da Guia (after passing the forts of Guincho, S. Braz, S. Gorge, and Fort Torre), is the point of land which forms the western horn of the Bay of Cascaës, upon whose low flat beach is situated the town of that name, at a distance of about fifteen miles from Lisbon, defended by Fort Santa Marta. The chief residence of the pilots who take charge of ships over the bar at

BELEM CASTLE, LISBON.

the mouth of the Tagus up to Lisbon, is at Cascaës. Between this place and the Torre de Santo Juliaõ da Barra, a distance of five miles, there are no less than eight forts of considerable strength. The castle of St. Julian is an imposing structure, proudly elevated on a steep promontory that entirely commands the north-western entrance into the Tagus, whose course here runs in the direction of east-south-east, cutting the province of Estremadura into two unequal portions."

The entrance to the Tagus is thus described :—
“ A Portuguese pilot now came on board, but apparently it was more a matter of obligation upon the captain to take him, than for any use which seemed to be made of his services. It was blowing a hard gale at the time, with occasionally violent squalls off the land, which, however, did not prevent a fleet of Lisbon fishing-boats, remarkable for their large latine sails, from putting out to sea. The Penha convent was concealed from our view by a thick cloud, which threw its sable mantle over the jagged line of the Serra de Cintra.

“ Lisbon was now only two leagues up the river, on its right bank ; and as we sailed along, the wind suddenly dropping, we had leisure to enjoy the beautiful scenery presented by the deep shores, which are intersected by numerous valleys receding deeply into the interior, whose sides are softly clothed with orange

BELEM CASTLE, LISBON.

and lemon-groves, vineyards, and orchards, and studded with beautiful quintas, or summer residences, of the wealthy Portuguese, and convents whose dazzling white appearance contrasted happily with the varied hues of the surrounding groves. On the south shore of the Tagus, from Cape Traffaria to Almada, there is one continued scene also of towns, detached houses, gardens, and cultivated grounds, in delightful succession. I could not help, however, remarking, as we advanced up the river, the stream of fiery air which came upon us off the land, like the ‘simoom’s awful blast,’ and occasioned a forcible anticipation of the ardent heat which awaited our arrival in this land of the sun.

“The entrance of the Tagus is extremely dangerous, and it requires considerable skill and experience to navigate a vessel with safety across the bar, as the tide and currents are very powerful. There are two passages through the rocky shoals and sand-banks which form the bar (called the north and south Cachop), the former of which is narrower than the other, and is marked in nautical charts as the Little Channel, while that extending more to the south, and offering a wider space, is termed the Great Channel. The state of the tide and wind allowed of our passing between Fort St. Julian and the north-eastern, or Little Cachop. Fort Bugio, off the headland of Traffaria, which is at once a castle and a light-house, may be considered

BELEM CASTLE, LISBON.

as the south-westernmost point of land in the river Tagus.

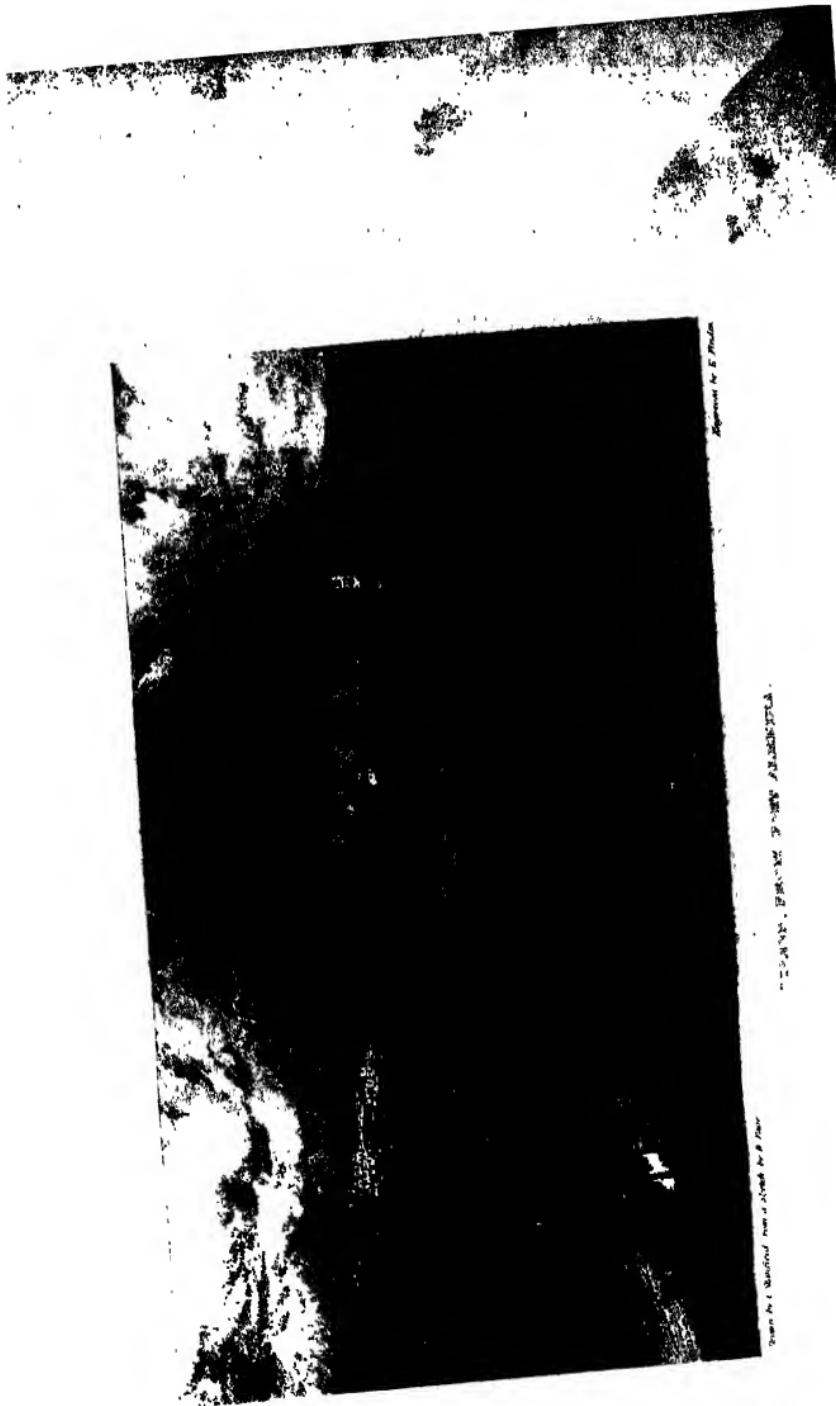
“ We now came off the Castle of Belem, where an office is kept for the registry of all vessels which enter and leave the Tagus; as well as an establishment of custom-house officers, health officers, and a party of the naval police for the preservation of property, and the defence of the passage.

“ Belem is nothing more than an ancient tower of three stories, defended by a battery in front, and at high-water is nearly surrounded by the river. Here we were visited by the police and health officers; British troops at the moment occupying the castle. From this point the view up the river to the east is grand beyond all conception; and to do the magnificent opening of the scenery justice, the most elaborate description would be perfectly inadequate. The breadth of the mighty river, crowded with the vessels of every nation; British and Portuguese men-of-war at anchor and in different states of equipment; the heights to the south crowned with batteries, villages and vineyards descending down their sides to the very skirts of the water; the numerous pleasure-boats gliding swiftly across the river in various directions; the long uninterrupted line of palaces, convents, houses, running along the shore from Belem to Lisbon, under the elevated ridge upon which the splendid residence of the

BELEM CASTLE, LISBON.

Portuguese sovereigns, the Ajuda, is erected ; and then the beauteous city itself, with its domes and towers and gorgeous buildings, extended over its many hills ; and, above all, the deep blue of the heaven's dazzling canopy above,— form a combination of objects, the striking interest of which can scarcely be represented to a northern imagination."

Mr. Hobhouse, in a note to Lord Byron's lines "written after swimming from Sestos to Abydos," says, " My companion had before made a more perilous, but less celebrated passage ; for I recollect that, when we were in Portugal, he swam from Old Lisbon to Belem Castle ; and having to contend with a tide and counter current, the wind blowing freshly, was but little less than two hours in crossing."



LISBON,

FROM FORT ALMADA.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A. from a Sketch by W. Page.

“ What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold !
Her image floating on that noble tide,
Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,
But now whereon a thousand keels did ride
Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,
And to the Lusians did her aid afford :
A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,
Who lick, yet loathe, the hand that waves the sword,
To save them from the wrath of Gaul’s unsparing lord.

“ But whoso entereth within this town,
That sheening for celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down
'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee ;
For hut and palace shew like filthily,
The dingy denizens are reared in dirt :
No personage of high or mean degree
Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
Though shent with Egypt’s plague, unkempt, unwashed
unhurt.”

Childe Harold, canto i. st. 16, 17.

LISBON.

IT is difficult to find a single author who has written upon Lisbon, without noticing, that when he has almost exhausted his terms of panegyric upon its beautiful situation and glorious appearance, he brings instantly into contrast with these, the language of utter contempt and disgust, at the filth and abominations of this worse than painted sepulchre.

"As we entered Lisbon last year, after the convention of Cintra, by the roads leading to it from Vimeira," says Colonel Leach, in his "Rough Sketches of the Life of an Old Soldier," "we had not, until now, so fair an opportunity of judging of its appearance from the Tagus. The country houses and convents on the side of most picturesque hills, thickly planted with vines; the legion of windmills near Belem; and, finally, the city itself, form altogether so enchanting a picture, that any attempt of mine to do justice must inevitably fail *in toto*. Besides, Lisbon and its river have been often described by far more able pens. How sadly is a stranger disappointed when he lands and traverses the dirty, rascally streets of this priest-ridden city, and wades, hour after hour, through one uninterrupted accumulation of disgusting filth, in which the inhabitants appear to glory and rejoice! Instead of being the most disreputable and dirty place in Europe (or perhaps on the globe), it might most assuredly be the very reverse. Above the city is one of the finest

LISBON.

aqueducts in the universe, from which almost every street might, with good management, be constantly washed, and every thing offensive carried down to the Tagus. But this, it appears, is quite foreign to Portuguese taste. Let them, therefore, vegetate in the old way, and luxuriate in the effluvia to which they have ever been accustomed."

In the midst of all this, however, Lord Byron exhibits himself in one of his merriest moods: in writing to Mr. Hodgson from Lisbon, he says, "I am very happy here, because I loves oranges, and talk bad Latin to the monks, who understand it, as it is like their own; and I goes into society (with my pocket pistols), and I swims in the Tagus all across at once, and I rides on an ass or mule, and swears Portuguese, and have got a diarrhoea and bites from the mosquitos; but what of that? comfort must not be expected by folks that go a-pleasuring."

Of the particular scene which forms the subject of the annexed Plate, the best description is found to accompany Colonel Batty's view from nearly the same spot, in his "*Select Views of the Cities of Europe*,"—Lisbon, from Almada.

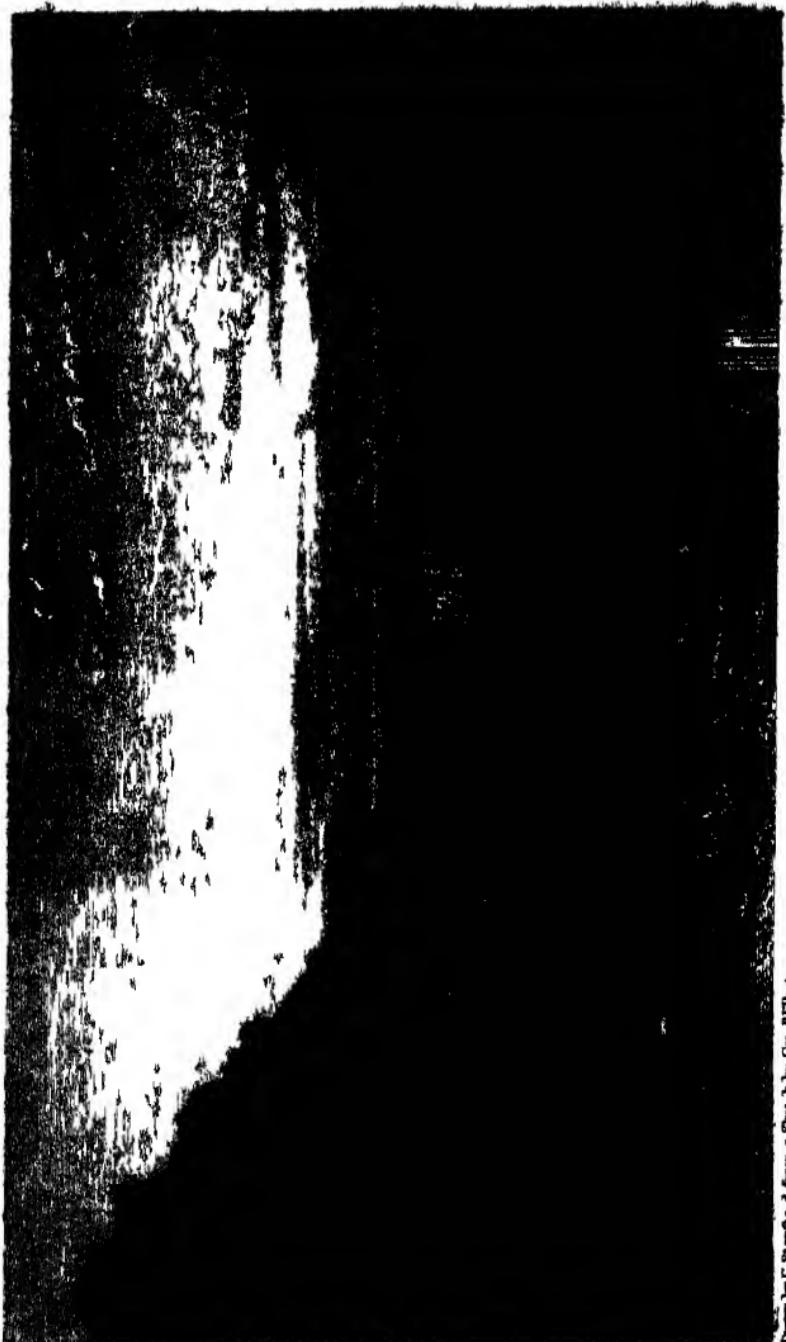
"Opposite to Lisbon stands Almada, on the summit, and near the east end, of the high cliffs, which extend along the south bank of the Tagus from thence to the sea. From this elevated situation we have a panoramic

LISBON.

series of views of incomparable grandeur. To the north the whole expanse of Lisbon is seen covering the opposite hills, and forming a brilliant border to the Tagus. To the west, that noble river is seen continuing its majestic course, and flowing into the Atlantic ocean, between the distant towers of St. Julian and of Bugio ; and to the east the river spreads out into a vast estuary, bounded by a long tract of level country. To the south the heights of Almada slope down into a valley covered with vineyards, behind which there is a gradual ascent of wooded hills, till, at a distance of several miles, the horizon is bounded by the mountainous ridge of the Serra d'Arabida, having the remarkable castle-crowned rock of Palmella towards the east, and the distant Moorish castle of Cezimbra towards the west. In the view annexed, the spectator is supposed to be looking up the river, in a north-east direction. Part of Lisbon occupies the left of the scene. The convent of the Penha de Franca stands on the most distant hill on that side. A little on the right, on the adjoining hill, is the chapel of Nossa Senhora da Monte. The castle is seen covering the hill yet farther to the right; and the towers of the church of St. Vincente, the place of interment of the Portuguese monarchs, crown the summit of the hill near the extremity of the city. In the line with the towers of St. Vincente, but nearer to the spectator, are the old

LISBON.

brown towers of the cathedral ; and in its front, close to the Tagus, are the buildings enclosing the Praça do Commercio : these, with the Alfandega, or custom-house, the naval arsenal, and the Caes de Sodre, form together an imposing range of edifices. Numerous vessels are spread over the broad bosom of the Tagus ; the whole, combined with the bold precipitous height of Almada in the foreground, form a striking and interesting landscape.”



Portrait of a man

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CINTRA.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A. from a Sketch by Capt. Elliot.

* * * *

“ Lo ! Cintra’s glorious Eden intervenes
In variegated maze of mount and glen.
Ah me ! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken
Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
Who to the awe-struck world unlock’d Elysium’s gates ?

“ The horrid crags by toppling convent crown’d,
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain moss by scorching skies imbrown’d,
The sunken glen whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow-branch below,
Mix’d in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.”

Childe Harold, canto i. st. 18, 19.

“ THE village of Cintra, about fifteen miles from the capital, is perhaps, in every respect, the most delightful in Europe : it contains beauties of every description,

CINTRÁ.

natural and artificial. Palaces and gardens rising in the midst of rocks, cataracts, and precipices; convents on stupendous heights; a distant view of the sea and the Tagus; and besides (though that is a secondary consideration) is remarkable as the scene of Sir Hew Dalrymple's convention. It unites in itself all the wildness of the Western Highlands with the verdure of the South of France."—*Moore's Life of Lord Byron*, vol. i. 12mo. p. 280.

The "Convention of Cintra" is the name given in history to an event by which the advantages gained by our gallant army at Vimeira were most disgracefully sacrificed in the impolitic convention of Sir Hew Dalrymple; but Colonel Napier states, in his "History of the Peninsular War," that "the armistice, the negotiations, the convention itself, and the execution of its provisions, were all commenced, conducted, and concluded, at the distance of thirty miles from Cintra, with which place they had not the slightest connexion, political, military, or local." Opposed to this we have Mathews, in his "Diary of an Invalid," one who is less likely to be acquainted with the facts, but who asserts, in closing some remarks upon the royal palace at Cintra, "Hard by is the palace of the Marquess Marialva, famous for the Cintra convention. The ink which was spilt on this memorable occasion is still visible upon the floor—scattered, as it is said, by Junot, in an ebullition

CINTRA.

of spleen, when he put his name to the instrument ; but surely *he* had not the most cause for vexation."

Every traveller speaks of Cintra as a scene of striking and singular beauty : its pure air offers, like that of Richmond to the citizens of London, a temptation to the inhabitants of Lisbon to spend their Sundays where they can breathe its freshness. Cintra is fifteen miles from Lisbon. Dr. Southey, in his " Letters," says, " I know not how to describe to you the strange beauties of Cintra. It is perhaps more beautiful than sublime—more grotesque than beautiful ; yet I never beheld scenery more calculated to fill the mind with admiration and delight. This immense rock, or mountain, is in part covered with scanty herbage ; in parts it rises into conical hills, formed of such immense stones, and piled so strangely, that all the machinery of deluges and volcanoes must fail to satisfy the inquiry for their origin. Nearly at the base stands the town of Cintra, and its palace, an old irregular pile with two chimneys, each shaped like a glass-house. But the abundance of wood forms the most striking feature in this retreat from the Portuguese summer. The houses of the English are seen scattered on the ascent, half hid among cork-trees, elms, oaks, hazels, walnuts, the tall canes, and the rich green of the lemon-gardens. On one of the mountain-eminences stands the Penha convent, visible from the hills near Lisbon.

CINTRA.

On another are the ruins of a Moorish castle, and a cistern within its boundaries, kept always full by a spring of the purest water that rises in it. From this elevation the eye stretches over a bare and melancholy country, to Lisbon on the one side, and, on the other, to the distant convent of Mafra; the Atlantic bounding the greater part of the prospect. I cannot, without a tedious minuteness, describe the ever-varying prospects that the many eminences of this wild rock present, or the little green lanes, over whose bordering lemon-gardens the evening wind blows so cool and rich."

Murphy, who published his "Travels in Portugal" in 1795, says, p. 244, that "about thirty years ago, a foreign gentleman discovered a mine of loadstone in this mountain. What suggested the idea of it were the herbs that grew immediately over it, which were of a pale colour, and more feeble than the adjacent plants of the same species. Having dug about six feet deep, he found a fine vein; but as the mountain is a mass of disjointed rocks and clay, he could not proceed further without propping as he excavated. Government therefore, apprehending the produce would not defray the expense, ordered it to be shut up." Is this fact capable of being illustrated by electro-magnetic researches?

All travellers seem to agree upon the strikingly beautiful effect of the first appearance of Cintra. Thus Kinsey describes it :

CINTRÁ.

“ We at length began to wind round the rock on which a little chapel is situated, to the left above the road, when Cintra was at once disclosed to our longing expectations, with its forest scenery of oak and cork-trees, its royal palace, numerous quintas shining amid the orange and lemon-groves which adorn the declivity of the Moorish hill, and a lovely valley to the right, where nature is beheld in her richest and greenest garb, extending down to the sea, whose golden waves reflected at the moment the rays of the setting sun ; and sunsets can in no part of the world be more astonishing and glorious than in Portugal. When Lisbon is entirely burnt up and fainting under oppressive heat, the inhabitants of this favoured spot are enjoying their mountain-rills and delightfully refreshing verdure, and an atmosphere more than ten degrees cooler, from its northern aspect, than at the capital.”—*Portugal Illustrated*, p. 128.

But all these accounts are heightened in effect by being brought into immediate contrast, by authors who have just escaped the filth, and heat, and discomfort of Lisbon ; and something of the same feeling is imparted to their readers, to whom the description of fountains, gardens, fresh breezes, and pure air, is made to follow the disgusting account of those offences which in Lisbon had passed “ betwixt the wind and their nobility.”



Deer by D. E. Evans from a Sketch by C. Landseer

MAFRA.

Drawn by D. Roberts, from a Sketch by C. Landseer.

“ Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay,
Where dwelt of yore the Lusians’ luckless queen ;
And church and court did mingle their array,
And mass and revel were alternate seen—
Lordlings and frères—ill-sorted fry I ween !
But here the Babylonian whore hath built
A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious sheen,
That men forget the blood that she hath spilt,
And bow the knee to pomp that loves to varnish guilt.”

Childe Harold, canto i. st. 29.

“ ABOUT ten miles to the right of Cintra,” says Lord Byron, in a letter to his mother, “ is the palace of Mafra, the boast of Portugal, as it might be of any country, in point of magnificence, without elegance. There is a convent annexed : the monks, who possess large revenues, are courteous enough, and understand Latin ; so that we had a long conversation. They have a large library, and asked me if the English had *any books* in their country.”

The palace of Mafra is one of those numerous examples of magnificent structures raised in consequence

MAFRA.

of vows made during the sufferings or embarrassments of those who had the power to perform them ; John V. (the fourth monarch of the house of Braganza) having, during a dangerous illness, vowed to erect, upon his recovery, a convent for the use of the poorest friary in the kingdom ; and finding upon inquiry that this was at Mafra, where twelve Franciscans lived together in a hut, he redeemed his vow, by erecting there, in 1717, the present gorgeous palace.

“ Mafra ! At this place is an amazing structure—a palace and convent founded by the late king, in consequence of a vow made by him to Saint Anthony ; emulating, through vanity and a desire of religious fame, the ostentation of Philip II., who built the Escorial. It is a most stupendous work, but bears not so noble an appearance as the Escorial, though it is much more decorated, and richer in marble. The vestry, consistory, and rectory, are handsome. In the church the altars are costly ; and there are many very fine marble columns, each of one block. The convent was originally intended for the Franciscans.

“ In the palace are prodigious suites of apartments, as its extent is the external square, the convent and church forming the internal. The room intended for the library is very spacious and handsome. Here centre pride and poverty, folly and arrogance ;—a stately palace with bare walls, a sumptuous convent

MAFRA.

for supercilious priests!" — *Major Dalrymple's Travels in Spain and Portugal*, p. 135.

Kinsey, in his "Portugal Illustrated," p. 452, says, — "The dome and towers of the palace presented themselves a long time to our view before we reached the town, which we at length effected by a steep ascent, under an almost interminable line of high wall, by which the royal park (the Tapada de Mafra) attached to the building, is surrounded.

"The extent of this noble structure is prodigious; it contains at once a palace, a convent, and a church of imposing magnitude; and it is proudly termed the Escurial of Portugal. Mafra is about twenty miles north of Lisbon, and is surrounded by a bleak and solitary country within view of the sea. It was considered a place of great strength in the time of the Moors, who built a fortress here, of which, however, no vestiges are discoverable at the present day. On this spot, John V., who surrendered himself to a corrupt nobility, an intriguing and artful priesthood, and women of bad character, not contented with the vain display of having elevated the church of Lisbon into a patriarchate, to vie with that of St. Peter's at Rome, employed his troops in the erection of an edifice that was to eclipse, by its splendour and magnificence, the glories of the Spanish Escurial. The construction was confided to a foreign architect; its embellishments were

MAFRA.

completed by Dutch, French, and Italian artists; and the splendid vestments in silk for the service of the priests were manufactured at Lyons. The marbles, which resemble wood with work inlaid, are principally the productions of the mountain overlooking Cintra, and of the celebrated quarry of Pero-Pinheiro. The six colossal columns in red marble, of one single block, which decorate the three chief altars of the church, and the large panels of marble, perfectly black, which adorn the lower part of the side walls, justly challenge the admiration of travellers. The six organs in the chapel are extremely handsome, and their tones perfectly correspond with the richness of their external ornaments. This sumptuous building might be supposed to commemorate the triumph of folly, bigotry, and the inquisition. The Marquis of Pombal converted it into some useful purposes during the reign of Joseph, and dismissed the monks; but on the death of that monarch they were restored, by an imbecile and superstitious queen, to the full enjoyment of all their privileges of penance, fast, mass, and image-worship, within the palace.

“The greater portion of the windows have no glass in them, and are closed with shutters painted red, which give the whole building a most shabby appearance.”

Murphy, in his “Travels in Portugal,” writes thus of

MAFRA.

Mafra :—“ It occupies more ground than the Escurial, and the treasures lavished upon it, if properly applied, would raise a pile much superior to the Escurial in point of architecture ; but, unfortunately, the designer of it had neither a mind to conceive, nor a hand to execute, a design for a glebe-house, much less a basilick and royal palace. The name of this mechanic was Frederic Ludovici ; he was a native of Germany, and a goldsmith by profession. Having amassed a considerable fortune in executing the gold and silver utensils for the patriarchal church, he was appointed, under the specious title of architect, to design and execute this fabric, through the interest of one of his majesty’s ministers, with whom his money had greater weight than his talents.

“ The plan of this edifice forms a quadrangle, measuring from east to west 760 feet, and from north to south 670 feet. In the centre of the west front is a sort of an Ionic hexastyle portico, which leads to the church ; at each side is a pavilion, one for the accommodation of the royal family, the other for the patriarch and mitred canons. At the rear of the building is a monastery with three hundred cells. It has also a college, instituted in 1772, by Joseph I.”

Mr. Murphy, as an architect, may quarrel justly with the style ; but none can see the Palace of Mafra without being struck with its vastness and the magni-

MAFRA.

ficient grandeur of its lengthened façade, in Mr. D. Roberts' beautiful drawing. This vastness is admirably given by the fine effect of throwing a mass of shadow across the middle of the building, as if a cloud could only obscure a part of it at the same moment.



MAID OF SARAGOZA.

Drawn by F. Stone, from a Sketch.

“ Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsex’d, the anlace hath espoused,
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war ?
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appall’d, an owlet’s larum chill’d with dread,
Now views the column-scattering bay’net jar,
The falchion flash, and o’er the yet warm dead
Stalks with Minerva’s step where Mars might quake to tread.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh ! had you known her in her softer hour,
Mark’d her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
Heard her light, lively tones in lady’s bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter’s power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
Scarce would you deem that Saragoza’s tower
Beheld her smile in Danger’s Gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory’s fearful chasc.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear ;
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post ;
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career ;
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host :

MAID OF SARAGOZA.

Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
What maid retrieve when man's flushed hope is lost?
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall?"

Childe Harold, canto i. st. 54, 5, 6.

"Such," says Lord Byron, in a note, "were the exploits of the Maid of Saragoza, who by her valour elevated herself to the highest rank of heroines. When the author was at Seville, she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta." The editor of Murray's complete edition of Lord Byron's Works, adds: "The exploits of Augustina, the famous heroine of both the sieges of Saragoza, are recorded at length in one of the most splendid chapters of Southey's 'History of the Peninsular War.' At the time when she first attracted notice, by mounting a battery where her lover had fallen, and working a gun in his room, she was in her twenty-second year, exceedingly pretty, and in a soft feminine style of beauty. She has further had the honour to be painted by Wilkie, and alluded to in Wordsworth's 'Dissertation on the Convention (misnamed) of Cintra,' where a noble passage concludes in these words:— 'Saragoza has exemplified a melancholy, yea, a dismal truth, yet consolatory and full of joy, that when a people are called suddenly to fight for their liberty, and

MAID OF SARAGOZA.

are sorely pressed upon, their best field of battle is the floors upon which their children have played; the chambers where the family of each man has slept; upon or under the roofs by which they have been sheltered; in the gardens of their recreation; in the street, or in the market-place; before the altars of their temples, and among their congregated dwellings, blazing or uprooted.'"

Southey, in his most interesting account of the memorable Siege of Saragoza, says of this heroine, " Augustina Saragoza, a handsome woman of the lower class, about twenty-two years of age, arrived at this battery with refreshments at a time when not a man who defended it was left alive, so tremendous was the fire which the French kept up against it. For a moment, the citizens hesitated to re-man the guns;— Augustina sprang forward over the dead and dying, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman, and fired off a six-and-twenty pounder; then jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege. Such a sight could not but animate with fresh courage all who beheld it. The Saragozans rushed into the battery, and renewed their fire with greater vigour than ever, and the French were repulsed here, and at all other points, with great slaughter."

" The women were eminently conspicuous in their exertions, regardless of the shot and shells which fell

MAID OF SARAGOZA.

about them, and braving the flames of the building—women of all ranks assisted : they formed themselves into companies—some to relieve the wounded ; some to carry water, wine, and provisions, to those who defended the gates. When circumstances force them out of the sphere of their ordinary nature, and compel them to exercise manly virtues, they display them in the highest degree ; and when they are once awokened to a sense of patriotism, they carry its principle to its most heroic pitch."

" The noble defence," says Mr. Locker, " of this city against the French army under Lefebvre Desnouettes, in 1808, renders it an object of universal interest ; after an interval of five years, we found it still in ruins, the inhabitants being too poor to restore even their private dwellings. Saragoza (*Cæsarea Augusta*), once a Roman station, is the capital of the kingdom of Arragon. It stands in an extensive plain, fruitful in olive-yards and vineyards. We crossed the Gallego, a tributary stream which falls in below the town, and soon after entered it by the bridge of the Ebro. The wreck of the public buildings, destroyed during the bombardment, associated in our minds with the heroic exploits of the inhabitants, compelled us to pause at every step to observe the ravages of the shot and shells ; and this interest increased on reaching the principal street, El Cozo—every door and window which remained bore the marks

MAID OF SARAGOZA.

of bullets ; for here the Saragozans fought their invaders hand to hand : while the French took possession of one side, the citizens maintained the other, disputing every inch of ground between them. The walls which separated the houses were pulled down, and this long street was thus converted into two immense forts. Loop-holes were opened for musketry, embrasures were broken through the front walls, and cannon brought up from within, which spread destruction from side to side. Every expedient practised in more regular sieges was tried in succession ; mines and counter-mines were carried below the pavement, and exploded underneath the opposite houses. The dead lay in heaps between the combatants, threatening a pestilence more terrible than the sword. Every church and convent — nay, every building capable of defence, became a military position. Priests were seen defending their altars, and pouring out their blood at the foot of the cross. Among the most conspicuous of these was Padre Santiago Sass, who took the lead in every hazardous enterprise. Females rivalled the most undaunted of their fellow-citizens. The Portilla was saved by the gallantry of Augustina Saragoza, a fine young woman, who, when none else survived in the battery, snatched a match from the hands of a dead artilleryman, and renewed the fire on the besiegers."

The convent of Sta Engracia gives name to one of the gates of Saragoza, to which it stands contiguous.

MAID OF SARAGOZA.

On the 3rd of August the French opened a tremendous fire on Sta Engracia, which soon burst into flames. Seizing the advantage, they pushed on two strong columns, which, after a most desperate conflict, gained possession of the quarter of Sta Engracia, from whence they immediately summoned the inhabitants to surrender. The proposal and the reply were equally laconic:—

Proposal—"Quartel General, Sta Engracia.
"La capitulacion."

Answer—"Quartel General, Saragoza.
"Guerra al cuchillo.
"PALAFOX."

The answer is rendered by Lord Byron,

"War even to the knife;"

an energetic expression of determination, which will longer endure in the poetry of Lord Byron than the city and site of the event be known among men.

Such was the success of these enthusiastic exertions, that the enemy were driven into a narrow circuit; the citizens gradually regained the greater part of their town; and Lefebvre, having set fire to the quarter of Sta Engracia on the night of the 13th of August, withdrew his troops from the contest, leaving the defenders to enjoy the triumph of their patriotism.



CADIZ.

Drawn by Lieut.-Col. Batty.

“ Adieu, fair Cadiz ! yea, a long adieu !
Who may forget how well thy walls have stood ?
When all were changing, thou alone wert true,
First to be free, and last to be subdued.
And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,
Some native blood was seen thy streets to die,
A traitor only fell beneath the feud :
Here all were noble save nobility—
None hugg'd a conquerer's chain save fallen chivalry !”

Childe Harold, canto i. st. 85.

WITH Cadiz Lord Byron expressed his satisfaction in terms of unqualified praise : “ Cadiz, sweet Cadiz ! —it is the first spot in the creation. The beauty of its streets and mansions is only excelled by the loveliness of its inhabitants.” “ Cadiz is the most delightful town I ever beheld, very different from our English cities in every respect except cleanliness (and it is as clean as London), but still beautiful, and full of the finest women

CADIZ.

in Spain, the Cadiz belles being the Lancashire witches of their land."

In all ages the females of Cadiz have been famous for their singular grace and beauty. Under the Roman domination their fame knew no other limits than those of the empire, throughout which they were noted for their elegance, their gaiety, and their powers of fascination; and, if we may believe the "Childe's" report above, the race has by no means degenerated in these days of the basquiña and mantilla.

" Cadiz is situated at the extremity of a peninsula which stretches out into the ocean north-westward from the island of Leon. South of this peninsula is the open ocean, stretching away towards the Mediterranean straits, while on the north is a deep bay formed by the peninsula itself and the Spanish coast, running in the direction of Cape Saint Vincent. The open bay furnishes a harbour which is not always secure, for the north-west winds sometimes bring in a heavy and dangerous sea; but the inner port, where the navy-yard is situate, is at all times safe and commodious. This admirable station for the pursuits of commerce attracted the attention of the earliest navigators. So long ago as eight centuries before the Christian era, the Phoenicians, having founded Carthage and pushed their dominions beyond the pillars of Hercules even to Britain, were induced to establish several colonies on the coast of

CADIZ.

Spain, where the abundance of silver and gold attracted them, even more than the fertility of the soil and the amenity of the climate. Of these colonies Gades was the principal."

" Cadiz also contained many Phœnician, Greek, and Roman inscriptions and other antiquities. Among them was an odd epitaph, found upon the tomb of some man-hating cynic, who thought he had fled to the end of the earth. It ran, ‘ Heliodorus, a Carthaginian madman, ordered me by his will to be put into this sarcophagus, at this farthest extremity of the globe, that he might see whether any one more mad than himself would come as far as this place to see him ! ’ All these memorials of the past vanished in 1597, when Elizabeth sent her favourite Essex, with two hundred ships and fifteen thousand men, including seamen and soldiers, to avenge the insults of the haughty Philip and his Invincible Armada. Lord Effingham commanded the fleet, accompanied by all the gallant spirits of the day : Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Corniers Clifford, Sir George Carew, Sir Francis Vere, and Sir Walter Raleigh. The destination of the fleet was not known until after it put to sea, and thus it arrived off Cadiz without any intimation. Essex, when he had prevailed upon the cautious admiral to make the attack, was informed that the queen, careful of his life, had ordered that he should keep himself in the centre of the fleet. He promised to do so ; but no

CADIZ.

sooner did he see Sir Walter Raleigh leading boldly into the inner harbour, under a dreadful fire from the batteries on either side, than, throwing his hat over-board, he gave way to his impatience, and pressed at once forward into the thickest of the fire. The inner harbour was full of ships newly arrived, and laden with bullion and the precious commodities of America. These were run on shore by the Spanish admiral, the Duke of Medina; and when he saw that the headlong valour of the English was about to prove successful, he caused them to be fired. Leaving this scene of conflagration, Essex got possession of Puntalis, and, no longer ruled by any will but his own, marched with his soldiers along the narrow causeway which leads from Leon to Cadiz, and, regardless of the batteries that swept his ranks, stormed the city sword in hand. The Spaniards fought as usual, from house to house, and many of the English were slain: of the Spaniards many more, not less than four thousand, but none in cold blood. When the resistance ceased, the town was given over to plunder, and the generals having taken their stations in the town-hall, the principal inhabitants came to kiss their feet. The priests and nuns were dismissed unconditionally; but the rest of the population were compelled to give hostages for the payment of a stipulated ransom. This done, the treasure was embarked, the inhabitants were driven from their homes, and the city was delivered to

CADIZ.

the flames. Thus perished Cadiz, and with her the statue of Alexander, and every trace of her pristine greatness.*

“ Upon the later glories and still later misfortunes of Cadiz it is unnecessary to enlarge. The commercial prosperity of the city; the thousand masts that filled its port, when this was the only corner of the peninsula untrod by the foot of the usurper; the fearless proclamation of the constitution of the year 1812 by the Spanish Cortes under the very fire of Matagorda; the later revolution in the same island of Leon by Riego and Quiroga, and the very troops who were about to depart to replace the cast-off fetters of the free Americans; and, finally, the gloomy drama of 1823,—are all things of yesterday, in the recollection of every one.”

* “ The plunder is said to have amounted to eight millions of ducats, and six millions perished with the fleet. The loss by the universal conflagration, like the misery consequent upon it, is of course inestimable. See Ilume, Mariana, James’s History of the Straits, &c.”



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CAGLIARI,

SARDINIA.

Drawn by W. Westall, A.R.A.

“ My next stage is Cagliari, in Sardinia, where I shall be presented to his majesty. I have a most superb uniform as a court dress, indispensable in travelling.”—*Life of Byron*, vol. i. p. 284. *Letter dated Gibraltar, Aug. 1809.*

At that time the Court existed only at Cagliari, the capital of the island of Sardinia—the sole territory to which the dominion of the King of Sardinia was then reduced. Napoleon had driven him from his possessions on the continent, and converted Savoy and Piedmont into numerous departments; among these were Leman, Mont Blanc, Marengo, the Stura, the Sesia, the Doire, and the Po; and Turin had shrunk into the insignificance of being only the chief place of the latter. These departments were incorporated with France! and the subjects of his Majesty of Sardinia had been reduced from nearly five millions, to five hundred thousand!

“ Our passage to Sardinia,” says Galt, in his “ Life of Lord Byron,” “ was tardy, owing to calms; but, in

CAGLIARI.

other respects, pleasant. About the third day, Byron relented from his rapt mood, as if he felt it was out of place, and became playful, and disposed to contribute his fair proportion to the general endeavour to while away the tediousness of the dull voyage. Among other expedients for that purpose, we had recourse to shooting at bottles. Byron supplied the pistols, and was the best shot, but not very pre-eminently so. In the calms, the jolly-boat was several times lowered ; and on one of those occasions, his lordship, with the captain, caught a turtle—I rather think two ; we likewise hooked a shark, part of which was dressed for breakfast, and tasted, without relish.

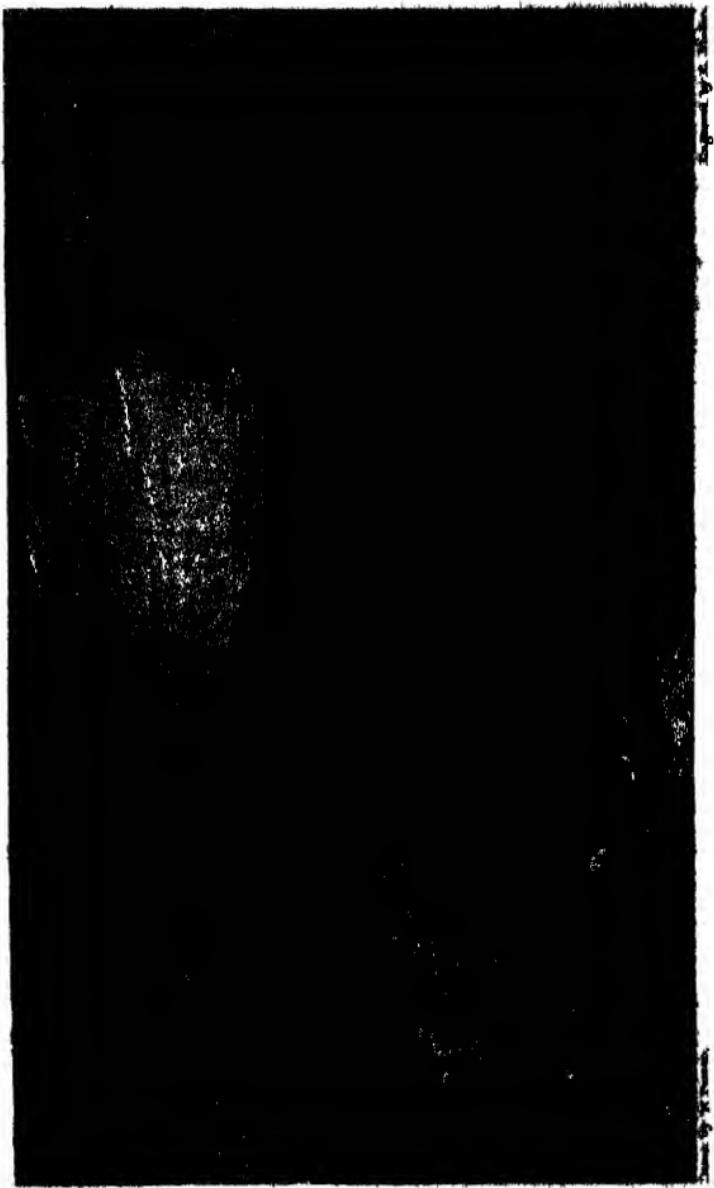
“ As we approached the Gulf of Cagliari, in Sardinia, a strong north wind came from the shore, and we had a whole day of disagreeable tacking ; but next morning—it was Sunday—we found ourselves at anchor near the Mole, where we landed. Byron, with the captain, rode out some distance into the country, while I walked with Mr. Hobhouse about the town : we left our cards for the consul, and Mr. Hill, the ambassador, who invited us to dinner. In the evening we landed again, to avail ourselves of the invitation ; and on this occasion, Byron and his companion dressed themselves as aides-de-camp—a circumstance which, at the time, appeared less exceptionable in the young peer than in the commoner.

CAGLIARI.

“ Had we parted at Cagliari, it is probable that I should have retained a much more favourable recollection of Mr. Hobhouse than of Lord Byron, for he was a cheerful companion, full of odd and droll stories, which he told extremely well ; he was also good-humoured and intelligent—altogether an advantageous specimen of a well-educated English gentleman. Moreover, I was at the time afflicted with a nervous dejection, which the occasional exhilaration produced by his anecdotes and college tales often materially dissipated ; though, for the most part, they were more after the manner and the matter of Swift than Addison.

“ I shall always remember Cagliari with particular pleasure ; for it so happened that I formed there three of the most agreeable acquaintances of my life, and one of them was with Lord Byron ; for although we had been eight days together, I could not previously have accounted myself acquainted with his lordship.”

MANUFACTURERS



ETNA.

Drawn by W. Pusser.

“ The fire in the cavern of Etna conceal’d,
Still mantles unseen in its secret recess ;
At length in a volume terrific reveal’d,
No torrent can quench it, no bounds can repress.”

Hours of Idleness, vol. i. 12mo. p. 153.

LORD BYRON, in a letter to Mr. H. Drury, dated from the Salsette frigate, May 3, 1810, says, “ I have crossed Portugal, traversed the south of Spain, visited Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, and thence passed into Turkey:” but it does not appear that he landed in Sicily, or saw Etna except from sea. In a letter to Moore, dated Venice, April 11, 1817, he says, “ and I have passed by Etna ;” and, again, in the 4th canto of “ Childe Harold,” stanza 74 :

“ I’ve looked on Ida with a Trojan’s eye—
Athos, Olympus, Etna.”

If he saw it from sea, it could not have been on his way to Malta, as the following statement from Mr. Galt

ETNA.

will shew ; and though Medwin makes him say, “ But Pæstum cannot surpass the ruins of Agrigentum, which I saw by moonlight,” Galt, who was his companion from Gibraltar to Malta, says, in his “ Life of Byron,” “ Having landed the mail at Girgenti, we stretched over to Malta.” No mention is made of their landing any of the passengers there. If, however, they had gone on shore, and ascended to the site of the fortress of ancient Agrigentum, which overlooks a vast extent of country, this splendid object might have been seen.

“ It was from this eminence,” says Russell, in his “ Tour through Sicily,” “ that we first beheld the burning *Etna*, although upwards of ninety miles distant, whose Alpine summit, white with eternal snow, distinctly appeared, not only above all the intermediate mountains, but also above the very clouds.”

The Editor has been obliged by a note from Mr. Galt, in which he says, “ I do not recollect that after we landed the mail at Girgenti, and bore away for Malta, we saw Mount Etna—I rather think not, as the day was hazy; but, if my recollection serves me right, we saw it soon before or after we made the Ægadian islands. Lord Byron, before his return to England, had never been in Sicily : I believe he alludes chiefly to the view of Etna seen in going from Malta to the dominions of Ali Pacha; in that part of his voyage he would have a much better view of the

ETNA.

mountain than in any other ; besides, Agrigentum stands very high, and he was never on shore there. In the voyage alluded to, he might not be further from Etna than thirty miles. I have seen Etna from Malta ; so that I have no doubt, if his lordship took the trouble, it was in his power many times to have seen Etna from the sea. It will surprise you, perhaps, to hear, that I do not think he had much taste for the picturesque, though a very lively feeling on interesting scenes, especially where the associations were exciting : it was more associations than sights in which he delighted."

Holland, in his " Travels," mentions Etna as " that vast volcano, which rises from its base, on these shores, with a majesty and singleness of form and outline which render it almost unique among the mountains of the world. Though the year was now far advanced, I was fortunate in my ascent of Etna, and accomplished all I could desire in the survey of its wonders of landscape, and of those volcanic phenomena which bear with them the record of nearly thirty centuries, and of no fewer than sixty eruptions."

The remarkable form of Etna—a volcanic cone—makes it not only an object of grandeur and sublimity from whatever point it is seen, but the panoramic view from it, extending to a vast distance, bounded in great part by the sea, and including nearly the whole island of Sicily, makes the attainment of its summit,

ETNA.

which is upwards of 11,000 English feet above the sea, whose waves break upon its base, an object of ambition to all travellers in Sicily. The success or failure of this adventurous excursion occupies a part of their journals ; and where they have succeeded, few scenes are more vivid and inspiring than that which a sunrise, seen from the summit of Etna, produces.

The Rev. T. S. Hughes, in his “Travels in Sicily and Greece,” p. 116, gives the following account :—
“ Anxious expectation more than doubled the time in which we waited for the appearance of the sun ; but we felt none of those unpleasant sensations in a difficulty of respiration which are said to arise from the tenuity of the atmosphere, and of which many travellers have complained. At this amazing altitude the mind seems more affected than the body ; the spirit appears elevated by the change, and dismissing those cares and passions which disturb its serenity below, rises from the contemplation of this sublime scenery to the adoration of its divine Architect.

“ At length faint streaks of light shooting athwart the horizon, which became brighter and brighter, announced the approach of the great luminary of day ; and when he sprang up in splendid majesty, supported as it were on a throne of golden clouds, that fine Scriptural image of the giant rejoicing to run his course, flashed across my mind. As he ascended in the sky,

ETNA.

his rays glittered on the mountain-tops, and Sicily became gradually visible, expanded like a map beneath our eyes. This effect is most extraordinary; nearly all the mountains of the island may be descried, with cities that surmount their summits; more than half the coast, with its bays and indentations, and the promontories of Pelorus and Pachynum, may be traced, as well as the course of rivers from their springs to the sea, sparkling like silver bands which encircle the valleys and the plains. We were unable to distinguish Malta, though I do not on this account doubt the relation of others who profess to have done so. The Lipari isles were very much approximated to view by the refracting power of the atmosphere; as also was the Calabrian coast. The sides of Etna itself are covered with beautiful conical hills, from which ancient lavas have issued; their exhausted craters are now filled with verdant groves of the spreading chestnut, exhibiting the most sylvan scenes imaginable. On the plain below, these cones would be lofty mountains; here they appear but excrescences that serve to vary and to beautify the ground.

“ I must not forget to mention one extraordinary phenomenon which we observed, and for which I have searched in vain for a satisfactory solution. At the extremity of the vast shadow which Etna projects across the island, appeared a perfect and distinct image

ETNA.

of the mountain itself, elevated above the horizon, and diminished as if viewed in a concave mirror. Where or what the reflector could be which exhibited this image, I cannot conceive: we could not be mistaken in its appearance, for all our party observed it, and we had been prepared for it beforehand by our Catanian friends. It remained visible about ten minutes, and disappeared as the shadow decreased.* In spite of the cold, which was extreme, we staid at least an hour upon the summit of Etna, to view from this lofty watch-tower the splendours of creation. Perhaps at no point in the globe do they appear to so great an advantage, for the view is uninterrupted by a single obstacle. Unlike other hills of great altitude, which are generally surrounded by their aspiring subjects, this king of mountains rises alone from the Catanian plain in solitary state, without a rival to dispute his pre-eminence. Before we left the crater we descended into the interior as far as to the first shelving ridge before mentioned. Hitherto the ground was solid under our feet and the descent gradual, but we could advance no further, as the sides of the second stage were loose and crumbling. There was a mixed* sensation of terror and delight in roaming about this fearful

* "Mr. Jones observed the same phenomenon, as well as some other friends with whom I have conversed upon the subject in England."

ETNA.

solitude, so completely cut off from the world below, and from all communication with the human race. Observing a large fragment of rock, apparently half a ton in weight, lying near the edge, where some old eruption had projected it, we succeeded, by the exertion of all our strength and the assistance of the guide, to roll it back again down the crater. The tremendous noise which ensued from the immense lapse of matter which this mass carried down, probably amounting to many thousand tons, alarmed us for the consequences ; and fearful lest Enceladus in his displeasure might return the compliment, we made a hasty retreat. Our descent down the cone was very rapid, and at the Casa Inglese we remounted our mules.* The ride to-day

* “ The whole ascent up Mount Etna is computed at about thirty miles. With regard to its height above the level of the sea, the following are amongst the calculations that have been made :

De Saussure	10,963 feet,
Sir G. Shuckburg	10,954.

The extreme circuit of its base is considered 180 miles. It is supposed to be a primitive mountain by Buffon ; but others maintain, with great probability, that it is only a vast accumulation of volcanic matter. The earliest writers who make mention of it as a volcano are Pindar and Aeschylus ; Homer does not. The first recorded eruption was in the time of Pythagoras. To such an extent are the effects of an eruption of this mountain felt, that, if we may believe the Sicilian historians, the fountain Arethusa in Syracuse has been changed by it from fresh to salt, and the city of Messina suffered an inundation by the rise of the water in the straits.”

ETNA.

gratified us more than that of yesterday ; for the air being quite transparent, the most charming prospects imaginable opened themselves to view through the deep glens and magnificent vistas of the woody region, comprehending mountains crested with cities—villages embosomed in rich foliage—vineyards pregnant with the purple grape—projecting capes and promontories—with the glorious expanse of the dark-blue sea beyond. Viewing this resplendent picture, one might be tempted almost to arraign the partiality of Providence in lavishing all his bounty on a particular district, did not a recurrence of the tremendous lava-course testify an awful intermixture of evil, and vindicate his dispensations."

The cause of the appearance of the shadow of Etna above the horizon at sunrise is very obvious. The atmosphere, even to the west, would be illuminated by the rising sun, except where the mountain intercepted his rays, which would present the appearance of the mountain form, in its shadow, on the unilluminated part of the horizon and atmosphere.



MALTA.

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

“ But not in silence pass Calypso’s isles,*
The sister tenants of the middle deep ;
There for the weary still a haven smiles,
Though the fair goddess long hath ceased to weep,
And o’er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep
For him who dared prefer a mortal bride :
Here, too, his boy essay’d the dreadful leap
Stern Mentor urged from high to yonder tide ;
While thus of both bereft, the nymph-queen doubly sighed.

“ Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone :
But trust not this ; too easy youth, beware !
A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous throne,
And thou may’st find a new Calypso there.
Sweet Florence ! could another ever share
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine :
But check’d by every tie, I may not dare
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,
Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine.

* (Malta and Goza). Goza is said to have been the island of Calypso. “ The identity of the habitation,” says Sir R. C. Hoare, in his “ Classical Tour,” “ assigned by poets to the nymph Calypso, has occasioned much discussion and variety of opinion. Some place it at Malta, and some at Goza.”

MALTA.

“ Thus Harold deem'd, as on that lady's eye
He look'd, and met its beam without a thought,
Save Admiration glancing harmless by :
Love kept aloof, albeit not far remote,
Who knew his votary often lost and caught,
But knew him as his worshipper no more,
And ne'er again the boy his bosom sought :
Since now he vainly urged him to adore,
Well deem'd the little god his ancient sway was o'er.”

Childe Harold, canto ii. st. 29, &c.

It is remarkable, that though Lord Byron visited Malta on his way to Greece, and spent three weeks in the island, he never alludes to it by name in his poems, and only leaves us to infer, in the above stanza, that Malta is one of “Calypso's isles,” by naming in the note, Goza, one of the group. It is the more remarkable, since it was during this stay at Malta that he formed the acquaintance with Mrs. Spencer Smith, the “Fair Florence” of his “Childe Harold.” Struck with her romantic history, and charmed and interested by her manners, and even her eccentricity, she became one of those beings which were mixed up with the poetry of his life and thoughts; and his remembrance of her produced many beautiful stanzas expressive of his admiration and regard: the following, which were addressed to her, were written at Malta.

MALTA.

TO FLORENCE.

O Lady ! when I left the shore,
The distant shore which gave me birth,
I hardly thought to grieve once more,
To quit another spot on earth :

Yet here, amidst this barren isle,
Where panting Nature droops the head,
Where only thou art seen to smile,
I view my parting hour with dread.

Though far from Albin's craggy shore,
Divided by the dark-blue main ;
A few, brief, rolling seasons o'er,
Perchance I view her cliffs again.

But wheresoe'er I now may roam,
Through scorching clime and varied sea,
Though Time restore me to my home,
I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee :

On thee, in whom at once conspire
All charms which heedless hearts can move,
Whom but to see is to admire,
And, oh ! forgive the word—to love.

Forgive the word in one who ne'er
With such a word can more offend ;
And since thy heart I cannot share,
Believe me, what I am, thy friend.

MALTA.

And who so cold as look on thee,

Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less ?

Nor be, what man should ever be,

The friend of Beauty in distress ?

Ah ! who would think that form had past

Through Danger's most destructive path,

Had braved the death-wing'd tempest's blast,

And 'scaped a tyrant's fiercer wrath ?

Lady ! when I shall view the walls

Where free Byzantium once arose ;

And Stamboul's Oriental halls

The Turkish tyrants now enclose :

Though mightiest in the lists of fame,

That glorious city still shall be —

On me 'twill hold a dearer claim,

As spot of thy nativity :

And though I bid thee now farewell,

When I behold that wond'rous scene,

Since where thou art I may not dwell,

'Twill soothe to be where thou hast been.

September 1809."

He also apostrophises the same lady in the stanzas beginning "Chill and mirk is the nightly blast," published in vol. vii. p. 311 of his Life and Works; they were written during the thunder-storm which he encountered at Zitza, in the mountains of Pindus; and in a letter to his mother he says:—"This letter is

MALTA.

committed to the charge of a very extraordinary lady, whom you have doubtless heard of, Mrs. S— S—, of whose escape the Marquess de Salvo published a narrative a few years ago. She has since been shipwrecked; and her life has been from its commencement so fertile in remarkable incidents, that in a romance they would appear improbable. She was born at Constantinople, where her father, Baron Herbert, was Austrian ambassador; married unhappily, yet has never been impeached in point of character; excited the vengeance of Buonaparte, by taking a part in some conspiracy; several times risked her life; and is not yet five and twenty. She is here on her way to England to join her husband, being obliged to leave Trieste, where she was paying a visit to her mother, by the approach of the French, and embarks soon in a ship of war. Since my arrival here I have had scarcely any other companion. I have found her very pretty, very accomplished, and extremely eccentric. Buonaparte is even now so incensed against her, that her life would be in danger if she were taken prisoner a second time."

Mr. Galt, who had become the companion of Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse from Gibraltar to Malta, thus mentions their residence at Malta, in his "Life of Lord Byron."

"Having landed the mail at Girgenti, we stretched over to Malta, where we arrived about noon next day;

MALTA.

all the passengers, except the two friends, being eager to land, went on shore with the captain. They remained behind for a reason which an accidental expression of Byron let out, much to my secret amusement; for I was aware they would be disappointed, and the anticipation was relishing. They expected—at least he did—a salute from the batteries, and sent ashore notice to Sir Alexander Ball, the governor, of his arrival; but the guns were sulky, and evinced no respect of persons; so that late in the afternoon, about the heel of the evening, the two magnates were obliged to come on shore, and slip into the city unnoticed and unknown.

“ At this time Malta was in great prosperity, the commerce was flourishing, and the goodly clusters of its profits hung ripe and rich at every door. The merchants were truly hospitable, and few more so than Mr. Chabot. As I had letters to him, he invited me to dinner, along with several other friends previously engaged. In the cool of the evening, as we were sitting at our wine, Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse were announced. His lordship was in better spirits than I had ever seen him. His appearance shewed, as he entered the room, that they had met with some adventure, and he chuckled with an inward sense of enjoyment, not altogether without spleen—a kind of malicious satisfaction, as his companion recounted, with all becoming

MALTA.

gravity, their woes and sufferings, as an apology for begging a bed and morsel for the night. God forgive me! but I partook of Byron's levity at the idea of personages so consequential wandering destitute in the streets seeking for lodgings from door to door, and rejected at all.

" Next day, however, they were accommodated by the governor with an agreeable house in the upper part of Valletta ; and his lordship, as soon as they were domiciled, began to take lessons in Arabic from a monk —I believe one of the librarians of the public library. His whole time was not, however, devoted to study ; for he formed an acquaintance with Mrs. Spencer Smith, the lady of the gentleman of that name who had been our resident minister at Constantinople. He affected a passion for her ; but it was only Platonic. She, however, beguiled him of his valuable yellow diamond ring.* She is the Florence of Childe Harold, and merited the poetical embalmment, or rather the amber immortalisation she possesses there, being herself a heroine. There was no exaggeration in saying, that many incidents of her life would appear improbable in fiction. Her adventures with the Marquis de Salvo form one of the prettiest romances in the Italian language ; every thing in her destiny was touched with adventure : nor was

* Alluding to an adventure at Seville. Vide Life of Lord Byron, vol. i. p. 284, 12mo edit.

MALTA..

it the least of her claims to sympathy, that she had incurred the special enmity of Napoleon.

"After remaining about three weeks at Malta, Byron embarked with his friend in a brig of war, appointed to convoy a fleet of small merchantmen to Prevesa. I had, about a fortnight before, passed over with a packet on her return from Messina to Girgenti, and did not fall in with them again till the following spring, when we met at Athens. In the mean time, besides his Platonic dalliance with Mrs. Spencer Smith, Byron had involved himself in a quarrel with an officer ; but it was satisfactorily settled. His residence at Malta did not greatly interest him. The story of its old chivalrous masters made no impression on his imagination —none that appears in his works ; but it is not the less probable that the remembrance of the place itself occupied a deep niche in his bosom ; for I have remarked, that he had a voluntary power of forgetfulness, which, on more than one occasion, struck me as singular ; and I am led, in consequence, to think, that something unpleasant, connected with this quarrel, may have been the cause of his suppression of all direct allusion to the island. It was impossible that his imagination could avoid the impulses of the spirit which haunt the walls and ramparts of Malta ; and the silence of his muse on a topic so rich in romance, and so well calculated to awaken associations concerning the

MALTA.

knights, in unison with the ruminations of Childe Harold, persuades me that there must have been some specific cause for the omission. If it were nothing in the duel, I should be inclined to say, notwithstanding the seeming improbability of the notion, that it was owing to some curious modification of vindictive spite. It might not be that Malta should receive no celebrity from his pen ; but assuredly he had met with something there which made him resolute to forget the place. The question as to what it was, he never answered : the result would have thrown light into the labyrinths of his character."

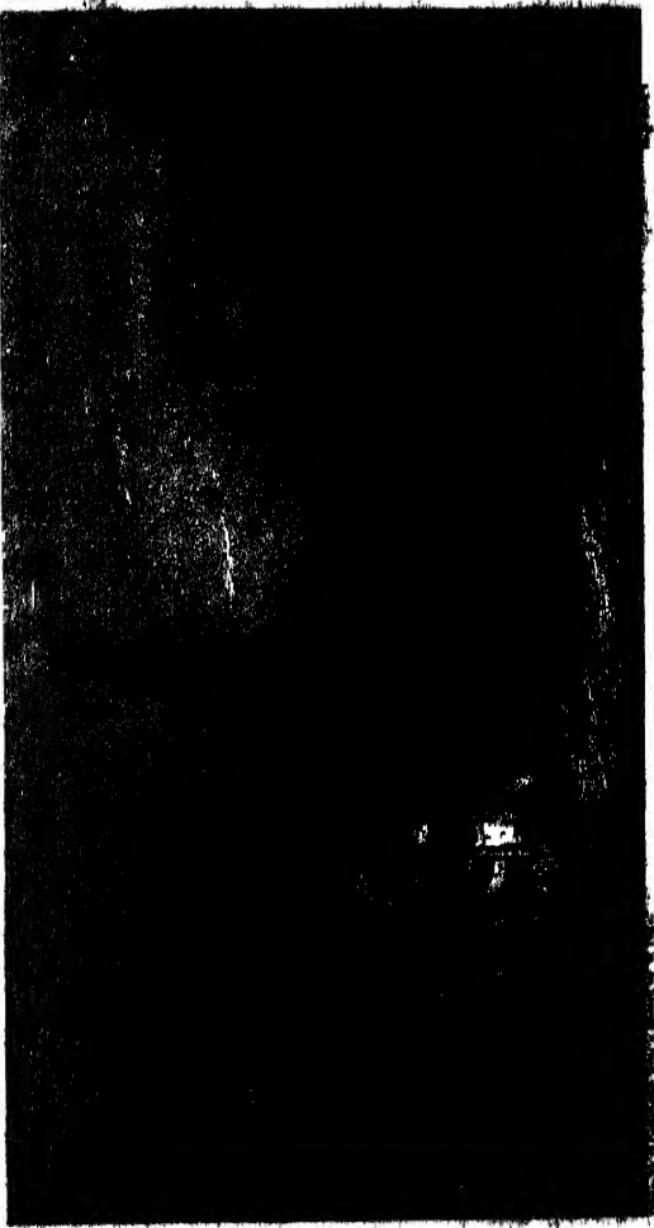
The view which is here engraved, after Turner's drawing, is of La Valetta, the chief city of the island, remarkable for the prodigious strength of its fortifications, which present from the sea an appearance of unconquerable power.

This island is identified with a series of historical and classical reminiscences, more certain and connected than those perhaps of any other known spot upon earth. Remains of the Celts and Phœnicians give evidence of their possession of Malta. Thucydides and Diodorus both mention it as a Phœnician colony. The Carthaginians left many monuments ; and candelabra found here with Punic inscriptions are preserved in the museum of the palace of the grand master. From the Carthaginians it fell, with Sicily, under the

MALTA.

Roman empire; and on its decline, into the power of the Saracens. From them it was wrested, in 1089, by Roger, Count of Sicily; and subsequently formed, with the latter country, part of the Spanish dominions. On the expulsion of the Knights of St. John from Rhodes, this island was given to them by the Emperor Charles the Fifth to defend it, as one of the outworks of Christendom, against the Turks, which they did nobly; and it was retained by them till 1798, when the island was taken by Buonaparte. In 1800, after a blockade, it was surrendered to the English; and it was confirmed to the British Government by the treaty of Paris in 1814. It has ever since been in possession of the English, to whose mercantile interests, as a station in the Mediterranean, its occupation is of great importance.

Malta is the Melita of St. Paul: his name is still given to the spot where he was shipwrecked. Here he is said to have stayed three months, and to have propagated the Gospel.



PATRASS.

Drawn by G. Cuttermole, from a Sketch by W. Page.

“ A BRIG of war in which they sailed having been ordered to convoy a fleet of small merchantmen to Patrass and Prevesa, they remained for two or three days at anchor off the former place.”—*Life of Byron*, vol. i. 12mo, p. 289.

Lord Byron, in a letter to Mr. H. Drury, says: “ I first landed in Albania, the ancient Epirus, whence we penetrated as far as Mount Tomerit.” But it appears from the account of his companion, Mr. Hobhouse, that it was at Patrass the noble poet first set his foot on that land in which he drew his last breath. He says, in his journey through Albania, &c.—“ At seven o’clock the next morning we were in sight of the opening of the Gulf of Lepanto, and not far from the small islands called Curzolari, near which, and not in the gulf itself, the battle of Lepanto was fought. The scenery which at this moment presented itself to us was peculiarly agreeable to our eyes, which had been so long fatigued with the white waste of Malta. To the south, not far

PATRASS.

from us, were lowlands running out into the sea, covered with currant-trees of the most lively green; before us were hills crowned to their summits with wood, and on every other side, except at the opening by which we had come into this great bay, were rugged mountains of every shape. We were shewn the situation of Patrass, but did not advance sufficiently before dark to see the town itself that evening. The following night, the whole of the next day, and the night after, I employed myself in cruising about the mouth of the bay in a boat; but on the 26th, at seven in the morning, was again on board of the brig at anchor off Patrass. Nothing could be more inviting than the appearance of this place. I had approached it just as the dawn was breaking over the mountains to the back of the town, which is itself on the foot of a hill clothed with gardens, groves of orange and lemon-trees, and currant-grounds that, when seen at a distance, remind me of the bright green of an English meadow. The minarets of the Turkish moscks, always a beautiful object, glittering in the first rays of the sun, and the cultivated appearance of the whole neighbourhood of the town, formed an agreeable contrast with the barren rocks on the other side of the gulf.

“ Though we were to proceed with a part of our convoy immediately to Prevesa, we were anxious, as you may suppose, to put foot in the Morea. Accord-

PATRASS.

ingly, my friend and myself took a walk in some currant-grounds to the north of the town, until we were obliged to return by a signal from the brig, which got under weigh at twelve o'clock. The ship was not long in getting out of the bay, and before sunset we had a distant view of a town called Messalonge, with a singular-looking double shore at the foot of mountains rising one above another as far as the eye could reach, which is, indeed, the appearance of all the country to be seen to the north of the Gulf of Lepanto."

Dodwell describes Patrass as, "like all other Turkish cities, composed of dirty and narrow streets. The houses are built of earth baked in the sun: some of the best are white-washed, and those belonging to the Turks are ornamented with red paint. The eaves overhang the streets, and project so much that opposite houses come almost in contact, leaving but little space for air and light, and keeping the street in perfect shade, which in hot weather is agreeable, but far from healthy. In some places, arbours of large vines grow about the town, and with their thick branches of pendant grapes, have a cool and pleasing appearance. The pavements are infamously bad, and calculated only for horses; no carriages of any kind being used in Greece, although they are known in Thessaly and Epirus." Patrass is supposed to contain about 10,000 inhabitants; they are principally Greeks, among whom are many merchants

PATRASS.

in comfortable circumstances. The Turks of Patrass are reckoned more wealthy than those of Athens, and not less civilised.

Patrass is a place of great antiquity ; numerous temples and public edifices which formerly existed there, are mentioned by Pausanias, but of these not a vestige can now be traced. Augustus Cæsar made it a Roman colony, under the title of Patreusium, and a few remains of Roman construction are found, but none of importance or interest. Under the Greek emperors Patrass was a dukedom. It is now a Turkish vaivodeship, and the see of a Greek archbishop. Its situation, as one of the most western ports of the Morea, is so favourable to the commerce of Greece, that it has often recovered from pillage and destruction. Roman merchants settled and traded there in the time of Cicero, as the English and French do now.—Saint Andrew, it is said, was crucified at Patrass.



Photo by S. S. Smith

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ITHACA.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A. from a Sketch by W. Page.

——— “ and passed the barren spot
Where sad Penelope o'erlooked the wave.”

Childe Harold, canto ii. st. 37.

“ Having despatched messengers to Corfu and Mis-solonghi in quest of information, he resolved, while waiting their return, to employ his time in a journey to Ithaca, which island is separated from that of Cephallenia but by a narrow strait. On his way to Vathi, the chief city of the island, to which part he had been invited, and his journey hospitably facilitated by the resident, Captain Knox, he paid a visit to the mountain cave, in which, according to tradition, Ulysses deposited the presents of the Phœacians.” “ Lord Byron,” says Count Gamba, “ ascended to the grotto, but the steepness and height prevented him from reaching the remains of the castle. I myself experienced considerable difficulty in gaining it. Lord Byron sat reading in the grotto, but fell asleep. I awoke him on my return, and he said that I had interrupted dreams more pleasant than ever he had before in his life.”

Life of Lord Byron, vol. vi. p. 73.

ITHACA.

Ithaca, now generally known in the Ionian Isles as Theaki, derives all its celebrity from Homer, as having been part of the kingdom of Ulysses, the hero of the Odyssey. It was then described, as it is now, to be rocky and mountainous.

It is evident, from several passages in the Odyssey, that there was a city named Ithaca, probably the capital of the island, and the residence of Ulysses, which, it would seem, was placed on a rugged height, from the lines in the seventeenth book of the Odyssey, describing the ascent of Ulysses with Eumæus from the cottage of the latter to that city :

“ But when slow travelling the craggy way,
They now approached the town, and had attained
The marble fountain deep, which with its streams
Pellucid all the citizens supplied,
That fountain Ithacus had framed of old.”

Cowper's Trans.

“ The first thing which attracted our curiosity at Ithaca,” says Dodwell, “ was the remains of a castle and city of the highest antiquity, situated upon the rocky ridge of a steep and lofty hill, which rises at the western extremity of the bay of Aitos. In order to visit it, we took a boat at Bathy. We landed at the foot of the hill at Aitos, and walked through some plantations of vines and currants; and after zig-zagging over steep and rugged paths for half an hour, arrived at

ITHACA.

the summit, and enjoyed one of those extraordinary views which this country of islands, mountains, promontories, and ports, affords in a superlative degree."

This place was, according to all probability, the ancient capital of the island. Indeed, the country people sometimes call it the Castle of Saint Penelope. It is probable that the castle was still there in the time of Cicero, who says it was placed, like a nest, upon the roughest rocks. No other place in Ithaca would so well suit this simile; and I have little doubt that he alludes to this spot.

The ruins of this city are generally identified with those crowning the summit of the hill of Aito. "Part of the walls which surrounded the Acropolis are said to remain; and two long walls on the north and south sides are carried down the hill towards the bay of Aitos. In this intermediate space was the city. These walls are in the second style of early military architecture, composed of well-jointed irregular polygons, like the walls of the Cyclopean cities of Argos and Mycenæ. The whole was built on terraces, owing to the declivity of the hill."

The guides to travellers in Ithaca appear to be *au fait* at their calling. Mr. Dodwell's pointed out a hole in the horizontal surface of the rock, about six inches square, in which he said Ulysses used to fix his flag-staff!

ITHACA.

“ There are no fragments of marble among the ruins; only a few pieces of coarse tile. Our guides asserted, that treasures of gold had been found amongst the ruins of this place, and that human skeletons of a gigantic size had been dug up in the vineyards at the foot of the hill. Some years after my return from Greece, several ancient sepulchres belonging to this city were opened, and remains of great beauty were discovered. I afterwards saw several of them at Rome, the chief of which was a silver cup, about four inches in height, embossed with a wreath of grapes and vine-leaves gilt; another part of the ornament is only an outline, engraved with a sharp instrument, and filled up with gilding. There were also some beautiful fibulæ and ear-rings of ornamented gold, and a necklace of surprising workmanship. It is evident from Homer that feminine ornaments were finely worked as early as his time.”

Homer dwells with such evident pleasure on Ithaca and its hero, that many have believed that not one of the seven cities which contested for the honour of his birth had so great a claim to it as Ithaca. In fact, Ithaca appears among the seven in an epigram of Antipator the Sidonian.

There cannot be a more accurate description of the approach to Ithaca, and of its great port, than that given by Homer :

ITHACA.

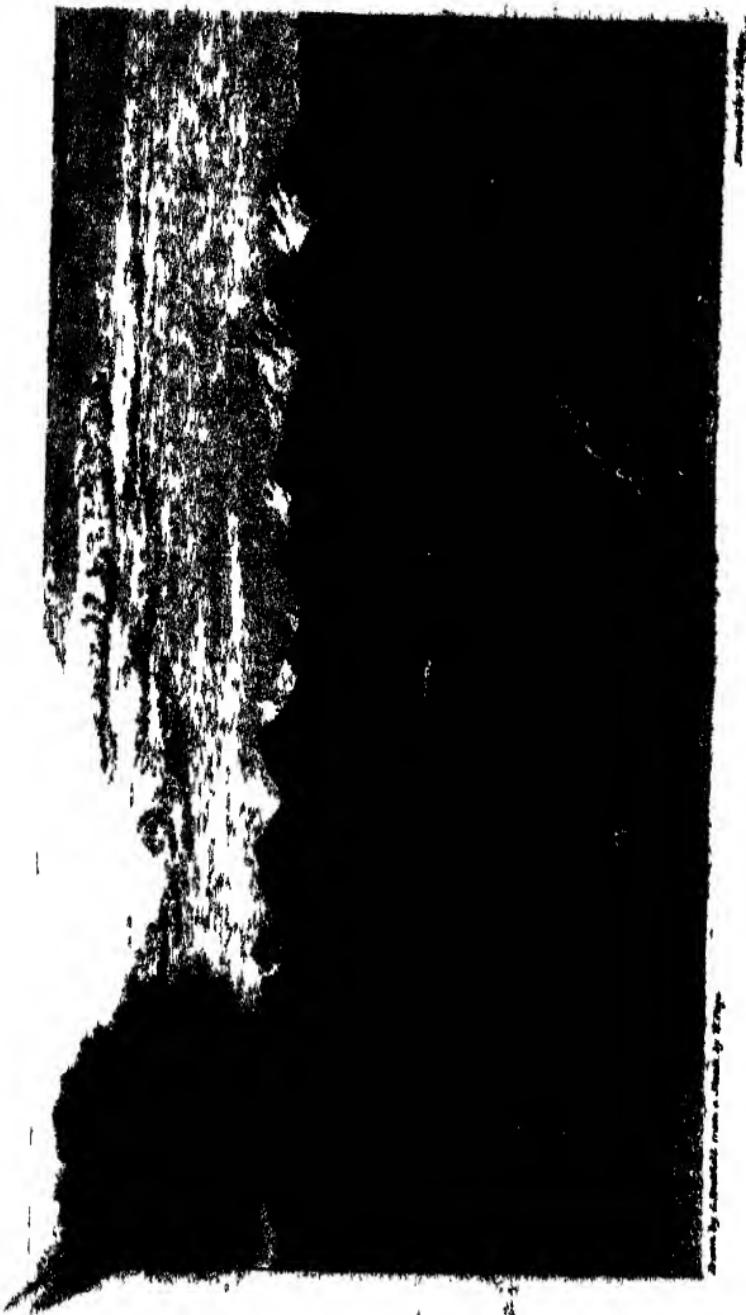
“ The bark arrived
In Ithaca ; but from the public view
Sequester'd far, there is a certain port
Sacred to Phorcys, ancient of the deep,
Form'd by converging shores, abrupt alike
And prominent, which, from the spacious
Bay exclude all boisterous winds ; within it, ships,
The port once gain'd, uncabled ride secure.”

Cowper's Trans.

The fountain of Arethusa, in this island, is an object of classical inquiry and interest. Dodwell visited it, and describes its water as “ clear and good, trickling gently from a small cave in the rock, which is covered with a smooth and downy moss. It has formed a pool four feet deep, against which a modern wall is built, to check its overflowing. After oozing through an orifice in the wall, it falls into a wooden trough placed there for cattle. In the winter it overflows, and finds its way, in a thin stream, through the glen to the sea. The French had possession of Ithaca in 1798, and the rocks of the Arethusan fountain are covered with republican inscriptions. ‘ *Vive la république !* ’ ‘ *Liberté, égalité, et fraternité,* ’ are seen scattered on all sides, but are gradually effacing. The Ithacensian goat-herd, who quenches his thirst at this limpid source, is little conscious of being surrounded by such sublime conceptions !”

ITHACA.

Though the modern name of Ithaca is Theaki, the natives themselves take a pride in retaining and using the ancient name. An English traveller, on arriving at Salona in the Gulf of Corinth, was much struck on observing painted on the stern of a boat belonging to one of the islanders the word *Ithaca*.



SANTA MARIA

SANTA MAURA.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A., from a Drawing by W. Page.

“ ‘Twas on a Grecian autumn’s gentle eve
Childe Harold hail’d Leucadia’s cape afar ;
A spot he long’d to see, nor cared to leave.”

Childe Harold, canto ii. st. 40.

“ ON the 28th we sailed through the channel between Ithaca and the island of Santa Maura, and again saw Cefalonia stretching farther to the north. We doubled the promontory of Santa Maura, and saw the precipice which the fate of Sappho, the poetry of Ovid, and the rocks so formidable to the ancient mariners, have made for ever memorable.”—*Hobhouse’s Travels*.

This island, forming at present one of the seven islands of the Ionian sea, known commonly by the name of the Septinsular republic, was in the time of Homer, and long after, attached to the continent, and formed the Leucadian peninsula. Some have imagined that it was separated from the mainland by an eruption of the sea; but the general opinion is, that it was cut through by the Corinthians. Livy,

SANTA MAURA.

whose account of Leucadia is remarkably accurate, declares that it is artificial. The canal of Santa Maura, which separates it from the continent, is fordable in still weather ; and the remains of a bridge built by the Turks when they were in possession of the island, are seen, by which it was connected with the mainland. From the opposite shore the fort of Santa Maura may be destroyed by bombardment. It is supposed to have been colonised by the Corinthians and Coryræans (Corfuotes). The present town of Santa Maura is on the coast, below the ruins of the ancient city of Leucas, which derives its name from a companion of Ulysses ; it is situated on an elevated hill, about an hour's walk from the modern town, and commands a most magnificent view—a scene of great beauty and classical interest.

“ Towards the west,” says Dodwell, “ the islands of Antipaxos, Paxos, and Corfu, are indistinctly seen as forming one cluster ; a promontory, probably Cheimérian, is visible on the coast of Epiros. More to the north and far inland, rises a grand range of snow-topped mountains, (part of the chain of Pindos and Tomaros), terminating the horizon of Molossia. Below the spectator's eye is the town and fort of Santa Maura, and the rich Leucadian plain, covered with extensive groves of olive-trees. Nothing remains of the ancient city except a part of its walls, which were evidently built at three different epochs.”

SANTA MAURA.

The descent towards Santa Maura is the subject of the annexed beautiful engraving, and the distant mountains on the continent are those observed from the sea by Byron on his way to Prevesa.

“ Land of Albania ! where Iskander rose,
Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,
And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes
Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprise :
Land of Albania ! let me bend mine eyes
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men !
The cross descends, thy minarets arise,
And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,
Through many a cypress grove within each city’s ken.

* * * * *

Morn dawns ; and with it stern Albania’s hills,
Dark Sule’s rocks, and Pindus’ inland peaks,
Robed half in mist, bedew’d with snowy rills,
Array’d in many a dun and purple streak,
Arise ; and as the clouds along them break,
Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer.
Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his beak ;
Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,
And gathering storms around convulse the closing year.”

Childe Harold, canto i. st. 38 and 42.

“ The Leucadian promontory, which is still revered
and feared by Grecian navigators, retains its ancient

SANTA MAURA.

name, as well as the whole island, though it is generally known to foreigners by that of Agia Maura or Santa Maura, which name is given by the Greeks only to the capital of the island."



Drawing by G. R. Johnson

3 - 165 P.D.

Drawing by G. R. Johnson from a sketch by W. T. Brewster

Lichen, by Johnson and Brewster, 1907, 165 P.D. Johnson

CORFU.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A., from a Sketch by W. Page.

No mention is made of Lord Byron having visited Corfu, nor of his having seen it, except, probably, like Etna, *en voyage*, on his way from Santa Maura to Prevesa, at the entrance to the Ambracian Gulf, in his first journey to Greece.

Once, indeed, he was nearly taken thither against his will. In a letter to his mother, dated Prevesa, Nov. 12, 1809, he says, "Two days ago I was nearly lost in a Turkish ship of war, owing to the ignorance of the captain and crew, though the storm was not violent. Fletcher (his valet) yelled after his wife, the Greeks called on all the saints, the Mussulmans on Alla ; the captain burst into tears, and ran below deck, telling us to call on God ; the sails were split, the main-yard shivered, the wind blowing fresh, the night setting in, and all our chance was to make Corfu (which is in possession of the French), or, as Fletcher pathetically termed it, 'a watery grave.' I did what I could to console Fletcher ; but finding him incorrigible, wrapped myself up in my Albanian capote

CORFU.

(an immense cloak), and lay down on deck to wait the worst. I have learnt to philosophise in my travels, and if I had not, complaint was useless. Luckily, the wind abated, and only drove us on the coast of Suli, on the mainland, where we landed, and proceeded, by the help of the natives, to Prevesa again."

Upon one other occasion he had more of the will than the opportunity to visit Corfu. He writes in his journal kept at Ravenna : " Jan. 25, 1821. Received a letter from Lord S. O., State Secretary to the Seven Islands ; a fine fellow—clever, dished in England five years ago, and come abroad to retrench and to renew. He wrote from Ancona, on his way back to Corfu, on some matters of our own. He is son of the late Duke of L. by a second marriage. He wants me to go to Corfu ; why not ?—perhaps I may next spring."

Dr. Cramer, in his " Ancient Greece," thus speaks of Corcyra (Corfu) :—

" From the *Odyssey* we learn that this island was then inhabited by Phœacians—a people who, even at that early period, had acquired considerable skill in nautical affairs, and possessed extensive commercial relations, since they traded with the Phœnicians, and also with Eubœa and other countries. It was afterwards colonised by the Corinthians.

" Strabo informs us, that Archias, the founder of Syracuse, touched at Corcyra, on his way from Corinth

CORFU.

to Sicily, for the purpose of landing Cheroicrates, a descendant of the Heraclidæ, with a force sufficient to expel the Liburni, then in possession of the island. The date of this event may be placed about 758 b. c. So rapid was the increase and prosperity of this new colony, that we find it able to cope with its opulent mother-state not many years after its first establishment, when it bid defiance to the power of Periander, who then had the sovereign direction of its affairs. Herodotus has related at length the circumstances which involved the two states in war ; and explains also the cause of that bitter hatred which actuated both parties in the commencement of the Peloponnesian war. Thucydides relates, that the first naval engagement which took place on the seas of Greece was fought between the Corinthians and Corcyrians, about 233 years before that epoch."

From this period the history of Corcyra is a series of factious outrages and civil disorders, which continued through centuries of misrule, and even after it had become subject to the Roman empire.

It appears that in the middle ages its citadel obtained the name of *κορυφῶ*, which, in process of time, was applied to the whole town, and finally to the island itself, and hence its corruption into the modern name of *Corfu*.

Mr. Williams, in his "Travels in Greece," has given

CORFU.

the following rapid sketch of classical and historical events associated with Corfu. “Coreyra was celebrated for having been the island on which Ulysses is represented in the Odyssey as having been entertained by Alcinous, king of Phæacia ; as the place where Cato and Cicero met after the battle of Pharsalia ; and where Cato, after having entreated Cicero to take the command of the last legions which remained faithful to the republic, separated from him to lose his life in Utica, while Cicero went to lose his head to the triumvirate ; as being the place where Aristotle was once exiled ; as having been visited by the youthful Alexander ; as the place where the tragical nuptials of Antony and Cleopatra were celebrated ; and as the place where Agrippina touched, bringing from Egypt, in the midst of winter, the body of the murdered Germanicus.”

“ By the assistance of our oars, and of a slight breeze which sprung up towards evening, we approached the low white cliffs on the north-western side of Corfu, and arrived off Cape Bianca, its northern extremity, just as the last rays of the sun were reflected from the lofty ridge of the Acroceraunian Mountains, which stretched out majestically on our left. During the night we weathered this point, and got into the channel between the island and the mainland ; but the winds continuing light and variable, we did not reach the town of Corfu till late in the day, and after about

CORFU.

forty hours from the time we embarked. The latter part of our voyage, however, was delightful. We sailed slowly along the channel, which in some places is not wider than a broad river, with the rocky mountains of Albania on one side of us, and the woody hills of Corfu on the other, till at last we became completely land-locked, and the town, with its lofty castles, burst upon us as if rising from the shore of an immense lake.

"Corfu is built on a neck of land which runs out into the sea, and forms the southern boundary of a wide and deep bay. At its extremity are two steep rocks occupied by a fortress, called the Castello Vecchio, immediately below which, on the land side, are the government-house, the arsenal, and other public buildings, protected by strong works. Beyond these is the esplanade, a large space extending across the isthmus, at one end open to the sea, and at the other occupied by a handsome new building, intended to comprise a residence for the lord high commissioner, together with the chambers of the deputies, the tribunals, and other public offices. Within the esplanade the town is situated, and is again protected towards the interior by very extensive works, and another fortified rock called Castello Nuovo. The French, whose intention seems to have been to make Corfu a great and impregnable dépôt, from which at some future period they might

CORFU.

penetrate into Greece, had begun some important additions to the old Venetian fortifications, which were considered to be already among the strongest in Europe. The little island of Vido, which is exactly in front of the town, was stripped of the peaceful olive-trees which had covered it for ages, and their place was supplied by entrenchments and batteries ; and on the land side they had begun to dig a fossé and to construct lines which would have included all the commanding points in the vicinity of the town, and might, if necessary, have cut off all communication with the rest of the island. These gigantic schemes, however, were entirely laid aside by the English, the old fortifications probably requiring for their defence a garrison five times as numerous as the force which they maintain in all the Seven Islands.

“ The interior of the town does not at all correspond with its advantageous situation. The streets are narrow and ill-paved. The public buildings, with the exception of the new palace, mean ; and the private houses very small, and of such slight construction that the heat in summer is almost insupportable ; while the inhabitants, like those of other fortified towns, have a long and tedious progress to make through arches, covered ways, and fossés, before they can get out into a purer air.

“ In the northern and western districts the moun-

CORFU.

tains are said to be lofty and precipitous, interspersed with sequestered and romantic glens and valleys. Towards the south they sink gradually into gentle slopes covered with vine and olive-trees. Oil is the chief article of produce, the wine being very indifferent, owing probably to the want of care and skill in the manufacture. The properties in the island are small; and the proprietors, most of whom style themselves noble, are, generally speaking, very poor. The consequent want of capital prevents any improvements in cultivation; and the population of the island is estimated at only forty thousand, eight or ten of which are contained in the city, whereas under a better system it might be capable of maintaining two or three times that number.

“The people of the Islands are a quick, clever, and artful race. They have much national vanity,—one foundation perhaps of national as well as of individual excellence;* but which makes them of course jealous of foreign influence, and not very well pleased to see Englishmen filling almost all the offices of trust in the state. Yet when we consider the demoralisation which must have been produced by the tyrannical and venal government of the Venetians, and which was not likely to be checked or diminished under French or Russian

* “La vertu n'iroit pas si loin, si la vanité ne lui tenoit compagnie.”—*Rocheſoucault*.

CORFU.

protection, we must admit the propriety of having placed every department, and more particularly every one connected with the revenue, under a strict and vigilant superintendence. It seemed highly necessary also to abridge the feudal privileges of the nobility, and that license of crime which, even at a late period of the Venetian government, existed to such a height, that a Corfiot noble was always surrounded by a set of bravos, ready at his nod to commit any atrocity. The resumption, too, of the church property excited, of course, great clamour among those who were interested in retaining it; but, on the other hand, the religious customs of the people were treated with a degree of respect which, however commendable, would scarcely be tolerated nearer home, and the pious Greek might be edified by the sight of a British garrison drawn out under arms to salute the bones of St. Spiridion.*

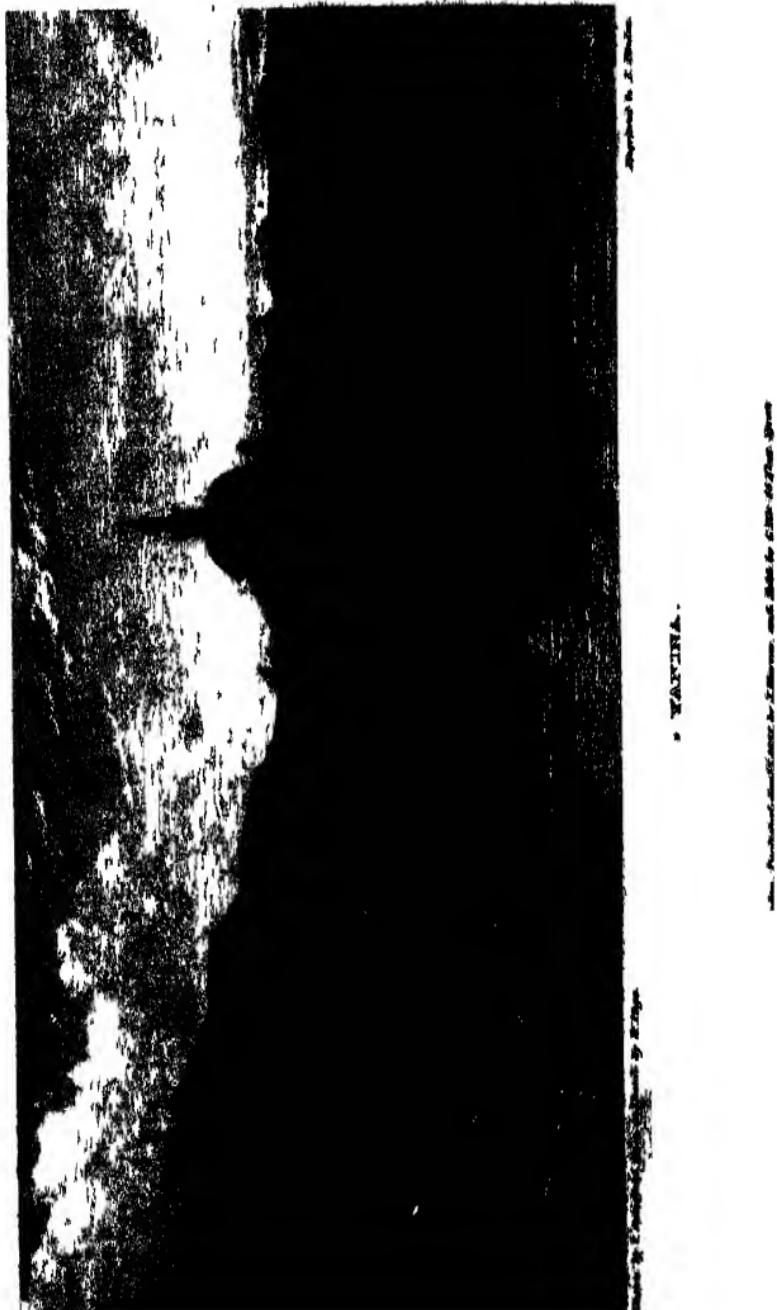
“ That the prosperity of the Islands has increased since they have been under British protection, cannot, I think, for a moment be doubted; and the improvements that had taken place even during the three years which intervened between my first and second visit, were such as must force themselves upon the attention of the most cursory observer. In 1818, the most ordinary articles of foreign manufacture were scarcely to be

* “ St. Spiridion is the patron saint of Corfu, and his bones are periodically carried about in grand procession.”

CORFU.

procured ; and from the total want of inns, a stranger who did not happen to have an introduction to some member of the government, or some officer of the garrison, might run a very fair chance of passing the night of his arrival '*à la belle étoile*.' In 1822 there were several well-supplied shops; a large hotel had been opened in a fine situation on the esplanade; a new palace had arisen, built by native workmen, and ornamented with sculptures and bas-reliefs by a native artist.* A university had been founded; and, what was perhaps scarcely less important, the government was beginning to turn its attention to the state of the roads, and the establishment of communications with the interior. That some abuses prevailed can scarcely be doubted, but they were not likely to come under the notice of a passing stranger; and the great attention and hospitality which, in common, I believe, with every other respectable traveller, I received from the English authorities, might have propitiated a much more strenuous reformer than I profess to be."

* "Paulo Corcyrota, a pupil of Canova."



YANINA.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A. from a Sketch by W. Page.

“ When I reached Yanina, the capital, after a journey of three days over the mountains, through a country of the most picturesque beauty, I found that Ali Pacha was with his army in Illyricum, besieging Ibrahim Pacha in the castle of Beral. He had heard that an Englishman of rank was in his dominions, and had left orders in Yanina, with the commandant, to provide a house, and supply me with every kind of necessary gratis.”

Letter to Mrs. Byron, Nov. 12, 1809.

Dr. Holland, who visited Yanina three times in the course of 1812–13, describes the town as beautifully situated. “ Knowing our vicinity to Ioannina, we were now impatient to obtain the first view of that city, which is long concealed from the eye by the low eminences traversing the plain. At length, when little more than two miles distant, the whole view opened suddenly before us,—a magnificent scene, and one that is still almost single in my recollection. A large lake spreads its waters along the base of a lofty and precipitous mountain, which forms the first ridge of Pindus on this side, and which, as I had afterwards reason to believe, attains an elevation of more than 2500 feet above the

YANINA.

level of the plain. Opposed to the highest summit of this mountain, and to a small island which lies at its base, a peninsula stretches forward into the lake from its western shore, terminated by a perpendicular face of rock.

“ This peninsula, which forms the fortress of Ioannina, widens as it advances into the lake, and is terminated by two distinct promontories of rock : on one of these stands a large Turkish mosque, its lofty minaret and extensive piazzas shaded by the cypresses surrounding it ; on the other promontory, the old seraglio of the Pachas of Ioannina, a large building, with all that irregular and indefinable magnificence which belongs to Turkish architecture, the minaret and cypresses of a second mosque rising above its projecting roofs and painted walls. The area of the fortress, which forms a small town in itself, is insulated from the rest of the city by a lofty stone wall, and a broad moat which admits the waters of the lake. The island opposite the city is picturesque in its outline, and embellished by a small palace of the Vizier’s, which is seen upon its shore. A village on its northern side is almost hidden by the luxuriant foliage of the chestnut and plane-trees growing amongst its habitations. From the highest point of the isle, there is a most imposing view of the city and the buildings on the cliffs of the fortress.”

YANINA.

"The banks of the lake present many other objects to engage the eye; the great seraglio, which from some points of view seems to rise from its shore; a painted kiosck projecting over the waters below the rocks of the old seraglio; a convent of dervishes, shaded by trees further to the north; but, above all, the mountain ridge of Metzoukel, which, with the height, probably between 2500 and 3000 feet above the lake, forms, almost as far as the view extends, a continuous and unbroken boundary to the valley, rising from the water's edge opposite to Ioannina with an abruptness and majesty of outline, the effect of which is highly magnificent. Its precipitous front is intersected by the ravines of mountain torrents, which, expanding as they approach the lake, are covered with wood, and form the shelter to many small villages. It is said, that formerly there were more extensive forests on this mountain ascent, but that they were destroyed, as being the resort of bands of robbers, who infested the neighbourhood of the city. Considering the general absence of wood from the landscape, the scenery of Ioannina is perhaps less perfect than if these forests had been preserved; still, it is such as may be considered to have few parallels in variety and magnificence."

When, in 1820, the court of Constantinople resolved to suppress the tyrannous government of Ali Pacha, and sent an army to subdue this powerful chieftain, his

YANINA.

followers were so effectually induced by bribery and promises to desert him, that he could not take the field against his enemies. His means of defence, however, were still formidable ; his garrison, about 8000 strong, retired to his castle and fortress on the lake, having previously pillaged and burnt Ioannina, to prevent its becoming a place of shelter to his enemies ; but his defeat and death soon followed. As these events, however, rather relate to the Pacha than to the capital of his government, the circumstances connected with them will be found accompanying the portrait of this extraordinary man given in these Illustrations.



ALI PACHA

11 Aug 1800

THE SILHOUETTE & THE SIGNATURE OF ALI PACHA

ALI PACHA.

Drawn by F. Stone, from an Original Sketch.

“ In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring
Of living water from the centre rose,
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,
Ali reclined—a man of war and woes :
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
While Gentleness her milder radiance throws
Along that aged venerable face,
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.

“ It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard
Ill suits the passions which belong to youth ;
Love conquers age—so Hafiz hath averr'd,
So sings the Teian, and he sings in sooth ;
But crimes that scorn the tender voice of Ruth,
Beseeming all men ill, but most the man
In years, have mark'd him with a tiger's tooth :
Blood follows blood, and, through their mortal span,
In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began.”*

Childe Harold, canto ii. st. 52, 53.

* A prophetic line, as will be seen in the sequel of Ali's history.

ALI PACHA.

" On the 12th, I was introduced to Ali Pacha. The Vizier received me in a large room paved with marble : a fountain was playing in the centre. He received me standing —a wonderful compliment from a Mussulman—and made me sit down on his right hand. His first question was, why, at so early an age, I left my country. He then said, the English minister had told him I was of a great family, and desired his respects to my mother ; which I now, in the name of Ali Pacha, present to you. He said he was certain I was a man of birth, because I had small ears, curling hair, and little white hands. He told me to consider him as a father whilst I was in Turkey, and said he looked on me as his own son. Indeed, he treated me like a child, sending me almonds and sugared sherbet, fruit, and sweetmeats, twenty times a day. I then, after coffee and pipes, retired."

Byron's Letter to his Mother.

DR. HOLLAND's description of the person of Ali on his first interview—confirmed as his opinions were of Ali's character by long and frequent intercourse—furnishes, perhaps, the best report of this extraordinary man : " All our attention was at this moment occupied by the person of Ali Pacha himself, whose figure formed the most interesting part of the picture that was before us. He was sitting in the Turkish manner, with his legs crossed under him, on a couch immediately beyond the fire, somewhat more elevated than the rest, and richer in its decorations. On his head he

ALI PACHA.

wore a high round cap, the colour of the deepest mazarine blue, and bordered with gold lace. His exterior robe was of yellow cloth, likewise richly embroidered ; two inner garments, striped of various colours, and flowing down loosely from the neck to the feet, confined only about the waist by an embroidered belt, in which were fixed a pistol and dagger of beautiful and delicate workmanship. The hilts of these arms were covered with diamonds and pearls, and emeralds of great size and beauty were set in the heads of each. On his fingers the Vizier wore many large diamond rings, and the mouth-piece of his long and flexible pipe was equally decorated with various kinds of jewellery.

“ Yet more than his dress, however, the countenance of Ali Pacha at this time engaged our earnest observation. It is difficult to describe features, either in their detail or general effect, so as to convey any distinct impression to the mind of the reader. Were I to attempt a description of those of Ali, I should speak of his face as large and full, the forehead remarkably broad and open, and traced by many deep furrows ; his eye penetrating, yet not expressive of ferocity ; the nose handsome and well formed ; the mouth and lower part of the face concealed, except when speaking, by his mustachios and the long beard which flows over his breast. His complexion is somewhat lighter than that

ALI PACHA.

usual among the Turks, and his personal appearance does not indicate more than his actual age, of sixty or sixty-one years, except, perhaps, that his beard is whiter than is customary at this time of life. The neck is short and thick, the figure corpulent and unwieldy; his stature I had afterwards the means of ascertaining to be about five feet nine inches. The general character and expression of his countenance are unquestionably fine, and the forehead especially is a striking and majestic feature. Much of the talent of the man may be inferred from his exterior; the moral qualities, however, may not equally be determined in this way; and to the casual observation of the stranger, I can conceive from my own experience, that nothing may appear but what is open, placid, and alluring. Opportunities were afterwards afforded me of looking beneath this exterior of expression;—it is the fire of a stove burning fiercely under a smooth and polished surface.

“The manner of the Vizier in this interview was courteous and polite, without any want of the dignity which befits his situation. There is not, either in his countenance or speech, that formal and unyielding apathy which is the characteristic of the Turks as a people; but more vivacity, humour, and change of expression. His laugh is very peculiar, and its deep tone, approaching to a growl, might almost startle an ear unaccustomed to it. Altogether, I was very well satisfied with

ALI PACHA.

the tenour of our interview, which paved the way to me for a long and interesting connexion with this singular man."

Ali, whose surname was Hissas, was born at Tepeleni, in the year 1748 ; his family had been established there for several centuries. One of his ancestors, named Muzzo, was very successful as a klepht, or robber, and by his riches thus obtained, procured for himself the lordship of Tepeleni which he transmitted to his descendants. Ali's grandfather, Mouktar Bey, who was distinguished for his bravery, fell at the siege of Corfu, leaving three sons. Veli Bey, the youngest of these, was the father of Ali. Having been expelled by his two brothers on the death of their father, he turned klepht, and soon amassing property enough to obtain numerous followers, he appeared suddenly with his banditti before Tepeleni, burnt his two brothers in their citadel, took possession of the title and estates of his family, and relinquished his old trade of a robber. Harassed by the jealousies of the neighbouring beys, against whom he could not make head, he died at the age of forty-two, leaving five children. His widow, Khamco, the mother of Ali and his sister Shainitzia, was a woman bold, fierce, and implacable. Ali was only fourteen when his father died ; but his mother, with a handful of faithful followers, resolutely defended the remainder of her possessions, and effectually checked

ALI PACHA.

the encroachments of the hostile clans opposed to her; but having once, with her daughter, fallen into the hands of the Gardikiotes, they were treated with incredible indignity and brutality, an outrage never forgiven by them or Ali, and for which a fatal retribution fell upon the survivors and descendants of those savages forty years afterwards, when Ali, having the power, horribly revenged his mother's and his sister's dishonour. After a long series of bold adventures, amidst fluctuations of fortune, sometimes heading gangs of robbers, at others commanding adherents whose numbers deserve to be mentioned as armies—sometimes defeated, wandering alone, a fugitive, again becoming a distinguished chief, whose daring followers obtained towns and territories,—he at length succeeded in establishing himself at Tepeleni, and extended his conquests to many districts, which he pillaged, and reduced to his subjection. He thus acquired immense riches, which enabled him, not only to purchase his pardon from the Porte for the dreadful outrages committed by his orders upon the peaceable inhabitants of surrounding districts, but, through his emissaries at Constantinople, even to get his conquests confirmed to him. Having obtained a high reputation for bravery, a judicious application of money procured for him a command, during the hostilities with Russia, where he served at the head of his Albanian corps. His conduct through-

ALI PACHA.

out the campaign was brilliant ; his military talents, and the valour of his soldiers, obtained for him fame and fortune ; and at the end of the war he procured the government of Triccalia, in Thessaly, with the rank of pacha with two tails. The appointment was favourable to the increase of his riches and his power. And soon after, by a daring fraud, he gained possession also of the pashalik of Yanina, which he secured by his gold.

It is impossible within the limits of this sketch to trace his political intrigues with Russia, Austria, France, and England. A short and clear account is admirably drawn up from authentic sources in the History of Greece, in the "Modern Traveller," vol. i. The circumstances which led to his death must, however, be adverted to. The accidental destruction by fire of his palace at Tepeleni is said to have led to the discovery of great treasure concealed within its walls. A report of this reached the ears of Sultan Mahmoud ; it excited his cupidity, and induced him to listen to Ali's enemies, who sought his destruction. Even now Ali might have bought his safety by a sacrifice of part of his immense wealth, but he was grown too avaricious ; and thinking it a less expensive, if not a shorter way to security, to sacrifice his implacable enemy, Ismael Pacha—who had formerly been in the pay of Ali, but whom, prompted by avarice, Ali had ceased to bribe to sup-

ALI PACHA.

port his interests at Constantinople — he sent two of his Albanians to assassinate him. They approached Ismael by a stratagem, shot at and wounded him; but having failed to kill him, they fled, and being pursued, one of them was taken, who, after confessing that they were employed by Ali, was hung at the gate of the seraglio. The Porte expressed the utmost horror at this attempted assassination of a man who was under the protection, and in the very residence of the Sultan; a firman was issued deposing Ali from his province, and conferring the government upon his enemy. Ali refused to obey the firman; an army was sent against him, commanded by Hourchid Pacha, and Ali was at length driven to take refuge in a part of the citadel of Yanina, with about fifty men, who remained attached to his fortunes. The place he had chosen for his last retreat was a building of three stories; the uppermost was occupied by Ali and his immediate suite; his treasures, which were supposed to be immense, were placed in the next; and the lowest floor was filled with gunpowder, ready to be exploded in an instant.

Hourchid, aware of Ali's arrangements, sent to propose his surrender at discretion, or threatened to come himself and fire his magazine. Ali appeared to be shook by this determined communication. A love of life, apparently at variance with the recklessness which he had shewn of it for seventy years, came

ALI PACHA.

over him, and he agreed to surrender the fortress and his treasures, if his life were spared. Houchid replied, that this the Sultan alone could determine, with whom he might assure himself of his good offices for this purpose; but his only hope of success depended upon his immediate surrender, and proposed, that for the present, he should retire to a small island in the lake, and await the Sultan's orders. This, at length, Ali agreed to, provided he might leave behind him a man in whom he had confidence, who he knew would at his command blow up the fortress, if safety for Ali and his companions were not assured to them by the answer of the Sultan. This devoted follower of Ali, with daring intrepidity, volunteered in that case to blow the treasures and himself into the air.

Courtesies now passed between Ali and the assembled chiefs opposed to him, and he was received on the island with an appearance of great kindness. Here again Ali changed his character; from the most suspicious of men, he became the dupe of his hypocritical enemies. He was persuaded to issue an order to his confidant to deliver up the fortress. This was done, and the treasures and powder were removed to a place of safety.

Among the Pachas of inferior rank was Mohamed, governor of the Morea. He visited Ali, and appearing to sympathise with him, offered to do any thing which

ALI PACHA.

could contribute to his confidence and personal comforts. When Mohamed rose to depart, Ali rose also from the divan on which they were sitting; and as the Pacha of the Morea was retiring, he made a low and ceremonial reverence. The Pacha of Yanina returned it with the same profound inclination of body; but before he could recover himself again, Mohamed drew his yataghan from his girdle and plunged it into the back of his host with such force, that it passed through his heart and out at his left breast. Ali fell dead at his feet, and his assassin immediately left the chamber with the bloody yataghan in his hand, and announced to those abroad, that Ali had ceased to exist. Some soldiers of Mohamed entered the apartment, severed the head from the body, and, bringing it outside, held it up as the head of a traitor, to their own comrades and the soldiers of Ali.

The head of Ali was sent to Constantinople, and exhibited in the court of the seraglio, like that of a malefactor. As Ali had made much noise in Europe, an English merchant thought it would be a good speculation to buy it for an exhibition in London, and he actually offered a large sum of money for it; but one who had received kindness from Ali, not only bade a higher price, and so preserved the head of his friend from this additional indignity, but upon the death of Ali's sons, who became the immediate victims

ALI PACHA.

of Turkish policy, bought these also, and gave them burial and tombs just opposite the Selgoria Gate of Constantinople.

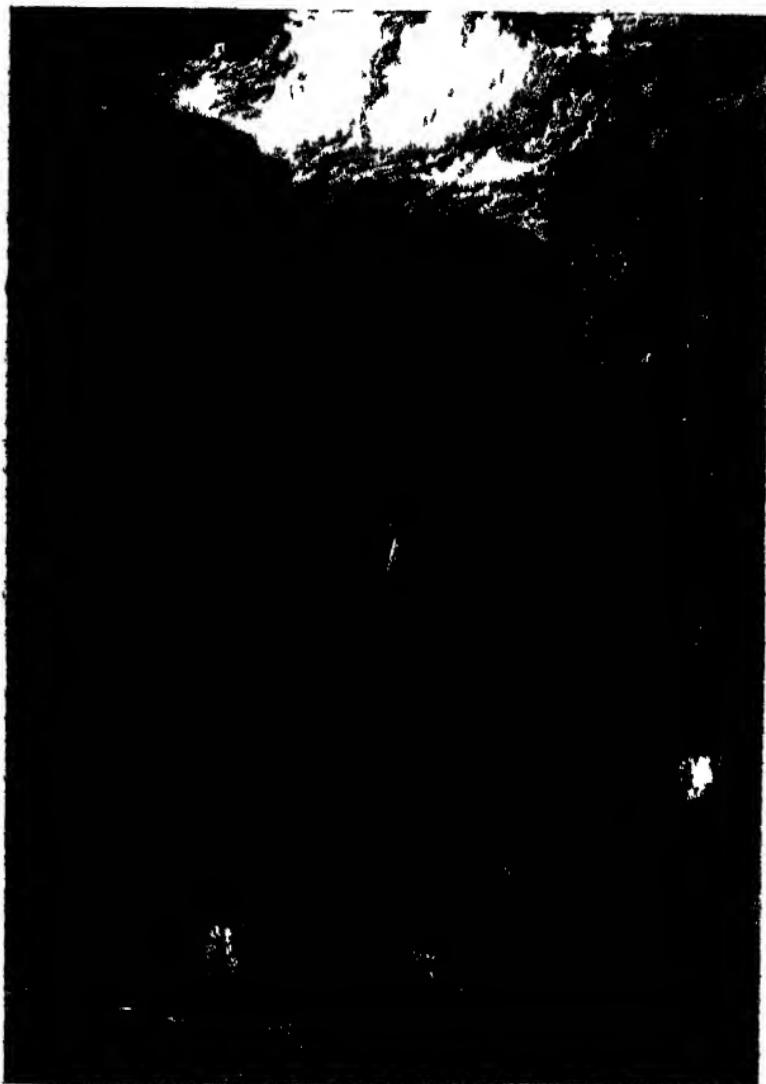
Of Ali's treasures the Porte was disappointed ; they were found to be very far short of what Ali was at one time known to possess ; but he was supposed to have aided the cause of Greek independence with a liberal hand.

It is difficult to say what "virtue" was "linked with a thousand crimes" in the character of Ali. His hospitality was too much in common with that of other barbarians, to be set against a million of his tyrannies and outrages ; and where it was displayed, it was usually connected with some political object. Travellers who visited Ali were received with great courtesy, especially if they were physicians, and most especially when they came in uniform as military men. This character is often assumed in foreign courts as a passport to a good reception ; and Lord Byron and his friend travelled as aides-de-camp. Byron, in his letter to his mother (vol. i. 12mo, p. 294), says, " I was introduced to Ali Pacha dressed in a full suit of staff uniform, with a very magnificent sabre," &c. And Galt quizzes the appearance of the friends, on their travels, in his account of their dining with Mr. Hill, the ambassador to the court of Sardinia, at Cagliari, when he says, " In the evening, we landed again, to avail ourselves of the

ALI PACHA.

invitation ; and on this occasion Byron and his companion dressed themselves as aides-de-camp—a circumstance which, at the time, appeared less exceptionable in the young peer than in the commoner.”—*Galt's Life of Lord Byron*, p. 60.

This use of military costume, to support or assume the character of a soldier, is not uncommon among *very peaceable* travellers on the continent. It once happened, that a party, chiefly military men, aware of the better reception which a red coat would obtain at the court of Ali Pacha, took their uniforms. One of them, a young man, who could not boast of any regiments except what he had worn in one of the London companies of volunteers, took these, for want of better. At Yanina they were received by Ali Pacha with much courtesy ; and upon addressing the young traveller, Ali said to him, “ Where have you served ? ” This would have been a poser to most men in the same situation ; but he won more honour by his wit than he had done by his sword ; for his ready answer was, *ἐπι τον Τιμβλεδον Κομον*—“ upon Wimbledon Common.” Ali had too much tact to betray his ignorance of the battle or the place ; and our city hero passed with the tyrant for a distinguished warrior.



Drawn by C. R. MURRAY and Etched by W. D. MORRIS

Engraved by W. D. MORRIS

DELPHIN.

A Published Poly. Liqueur by J. Murray and Sold by L. H. & Son, New

DELPHI.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A. from a Sketch by W. Page.

“ Oh, thou ! in Hellas deemed of heavenly birth,
Muse ! form’d or fabled at the minstrel’s will !
Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth,
Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred hill :
Yet there I’ve wander’d by thy vaunted rill ;
Yes ! sigh’d o’er Delphi’s long-deserted shrine,
Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still ;
Nor more my skill awake the weary Nine
To grace so plain a tale—this lowly tale of mine.

* * * *

“ Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,
Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,
Shall I unmoved behold the hallow’d scene,
Which others rave of, though they know it not ?
Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
And thou, the Muses’ seat, art now their grave,
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o’er yon melodious wave.”

Childe Harold, canto i. st. 1, 62.

DELPHI.

Of the magnificence of Delphi in the days of its glory and its power, it is difficult to present a picture even to the imagination. The origin of the Delphic oracle is almost lost in the obscurity of past ages; and the prophetic cavern has in vain been sought by every traveller to the stream of Castaly. It could not have been large, as the tripod stood over it and concealed it from view. “That spot was in the *adytum* of the temple, which was constructed of *five stones*, the work of Cyclopean architects.” This description of the Delphic sanctuary, which was, no doubt, the most ancient part of the temple, would favour the supposition that it was originally of the class of rude gigantic lithic monuments, such as the cromlechs and circular sanctuaries of Celtic origin. When it became a temple of Apollo is beyond the traces of history; but it was celebrated, and its wealth had become proverbial, even in the time of Homer, in whose “Hymn to Apollo” its fabulous institution goes to prove the unknown period of its foundation. An ancient temple of Apollo, which had been destroyed by fire, was rebuilt by order of the Amphictyonic deputies, as early as 513 b. c., at an expense of three hundred talents, or nearly 67,000*l.*; and the sculptor’s art was lavished on its embellishment. Its enclosure contained treasuries, wherein the consecrated offerings of cities and of monarchs, the finest works of art, and the spoils of war, were pre-

DELPHI.

served. Of the prodigious amount of these treasures, we may form some idea from the alleged fact, that the Phocians plundered the temple of gold and silver to the enormous amount of two millions sterling. The Persians under Xerxes, and afterwards the Gauls, were deterred by causes of alarm represented to have been supernatural. Sylla, wanting the aid of the holy treasury of Delphi, was not, however, to be terrified by the juggling tricks of its priests from his demands upon its resources. So great were the early deposits, or so constant the gifts and oblations to the temple, that it bore plundering eleven times before the reign of Nero, who is said to have taken five hundred bronze statues from the temple. Even in the time of Strabo, when the establishment was fast declining in wealth and credit, the offerings which still remained were numerous. Constantine was its fatal, if not its final enemy, when he removed the sacred tripod from Delphi to adorn the hippodrome of his new city on the shores of the Bosphorus. Gibbon says, “The space between the two *metae*, or goals, were filled with obelisks; and we may still remark a very singular fragment of antiquity, the bodies of three serpents twisted into one pillar of brass. Their triple heads had once supported the golden tripod, which, after the defeat of Xerxes, was consecrated in the temple of Delphi by the victorious Greeks.” From this tripod, in its day of power,

DELPHI.

the priests of Apollo, as they were bribed or flattered, influenced the destinies of surrounding nations; and a single word dictated by them, and uttered by a senseless girl, excited bloody wars, and spread desolation through whole kingdoms: just as, in a later period, the impudent assumptions of the church of Rome dictated to, and involved in war, the powers of Europe. Now, so entirely has passed away all evidence of the grandeur and power which once gave celebrity to Delphi, that scarcely a vestige remains of the folly and superstition with which man had consecrated this spot; but the mountain and the stream are still there, to aid the indistinct traces of the locality of those objects of devotion which existed through so many ages.

“The little village of Castri stands partly on the site of Delphi. Along the path of the mountain, from Chryssو, are the remains of sepulchres hewn in and from the rock. ‘One,’ said the guide, ‘of a king who broke his neck hunting.’ His majesty had certainly chosen the fittest spot for such an achievement. A little above Castri is a cave, supposed the Pythian, of immense depth; the upper part of it is paved, and now a cow-house. On the other side of Castri stands a Greek monastery, some way above which is the cleft in the rock, with a range of caverns difficult of ascent, and apparently leading to the interior of the mountain; probably to the Corycian Cavern mentioned by Pausa-

DELPHI.

nias. From this part descend the fountain and the ‘dews of Castalie.’—‘We were sprinkled,’ says Mr. Hobhouse, ‘with the spray of the immortal rill, and here, if any where, should have felt the poetic inspiration: we drank deep, too, of the spring; but—(I can answer for myself)—without feeling sensible of any extraordinary effect.’”—*Note to Childe Harold*, canto ii.

A few yards to the east of the village (Castri) is the celebrated fount of inspiration—the Castalian spring. The water, as it issues from the rock, is received into a large, square shallow basin, with steps to it cut in the marble rock, supposed to be the Castalian bath, where the Pythia used to bathe before she placed herself upon the tripod in the temple of Apollo. Upon the opposite side is a stone seat, also hewn out of the rock. The face and sides of the precipice have been cut and flattened, and niches have been scooped, intended, Dr. Clarke thinks, to receive the votive offerings. Above the fountain is a kind of little chapel dedicated to St. John, who is here the successor to the Grecian Apollo. The fountain is ornamented with pendant ivy, moss, brambles, and flowering shrubs, and is overshadowed by a large fig-tree, the roots of which have penetrated the fissures of the rock, while its wide-spreading branches throw a cool and refreshing gloom over this most interesting spot. “Above the Phædriades,” Mr. Dodwell says, “is a plain with a small lake, the waters of which

DELPHI.

enter a *katabathron*, or chasm ; and it is probably from this that the Castalian spring is supplied. The superfluous water, after trickling among the rocks, crosses the road, and enters a modern fount, from which it makes a quick descent to the bottom of the valley, through a narrow rocky glen."

The water of the fount is limpid, pleasant to the taste, and extremely cold. Dr. Chandler speaks of its excessive coldness, and says, " perhaps the Pythia, who bathed in this icy fluid, mistook the shivering for the god."

" Casting the eye over the site of ancient Delphi," says Mr. Williams, " one cannot possibly imagine what has become of the walls of the numerous buildings which are mentioned in the history of its former magnificence,—buildings which covered two miles of ground. With the exception of the few terraces or supporting walls, nothing now appears. The various robberies by Sylla, Nero, and Constantine, are inconsiderable ; for the removal of the statues of bronze, and marble, and ivory, could not greatly affect the general appearance of the city. The acclivity of the hill, and the foundations being placed on rock, without cement, would no doubt render them comparatively easy to be removed or hurled down into the vale below ; but the vale exhibits no appearance of accumulation of hewn stones ; and the modern village could have consumed

DELPHI.

but few. In the course of so many centuries, the débris from the mountain must have covered up a great deal, and even the rubbish itself may have acquired a soil sufficient to conceal many noble remains from the light of day ; yet we see no swellings or risings in the ground, indicating the graves of the temples. All therefore is mystery, and the Greeks may truly say, ‘ Where stood the walls of our fathers ? scarce their mossy tombs remain ! ’ ”

The following admirable lines by Mrs. Hemans present to the imagination of the reader an exceedingly beautiful picture of the shrine and site of Delphos.

“ There have been bright and glorious pageants here,
Where now gray stones and moss-grown columns lie ;
There have been words, which earth grew pale to hear,
Breath’d from the cavern’s misty chambers nigh ;
There have been voices, through the sunny sky
And the pine-woods, their choral hymn-notes sending ;
And reeds and lyres, their Dorian melody
With incense clouds around the temple blending,
And throngs, with laurel-boughs, before the altar bending.

“ There have been treasures of the seas and isles
Brought to the day-god’s now forsaken throne ;
Thunders have peal’d along the rock-defiles,
When the far-echoing battle-horn made known
That foes were on their way ! The deep wind’s moan
Hath chill’d the invader’s heart with secret fear ;

DELPHI.

And from the Sibyl grottos, wild and lone,
Storms have gone forth, which, in their fierce career,
From his bold hand have struck the banner and the spear.

“ The shrine hath sunk ! but thou unchang’d art there !
Mount of the voice and vision, rob’d with dreams !
Unchang’d, and rushing through the radiant air,
With thy dark waving pines, and flashing streams,
And all thy founts of song ! Their bright course teems
With inspiration yet ; and each dim haze,
Or golden cloud, which floats around thee, seems
As with its mantle veiling from our gaze
The mysteries of the past, the gods of elder days !

“ Away, vain fantasies ! Doth less of power
Dwell round thy summit, or thy cliffs invest,
Though in deep stillness now the ruin’s flower
Wave o’er the pillars mouldering on thy breast ?
Lift through the free blue heavens thine arrowy crest !
Let the great rocks their solitude regain !
No Delphian lyres now break thy noon tide rest
With their full chords !—But, silent be the strain !
Thou hast a mightier voice to speak th’ Eternal’s reign !”

The names of Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse are found at Delphi, cut or scratched in conspicuous places, the record of their pilgrimage to Castaly.



CONTINUATION

London Standard Register - January and half-yearly editions

Engineering & Architecture

CORINTH.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A. from a Sketch by W. Page.

‘ Many a vanish’d year and age,
And tempest’s breath, and battle’s rage,
Have swept o’er Corinth ; yet she stands,
A fortress form’d to Freedom’s hands.

The whirlwind’s wrath, the earthquake’s shock,
Have left untouched her hoary rock,
The keystone of a land, which still,
Though fall’n, looks proudly on that hill,
The landmark to the double tide
That purpling rolls on either side,
As if their waters chafed to meet,
Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.

But could the blood before her shed
Since first Timoleon’s brother bled,
Or baffled Persia’s despot fled,
Arise from out the earth which drank
The stream of slaughter as it sank,
That sanguine ocean would o’erflow
Her isthmus idly spread below :
Or could the bones of all the slain
Who perish’d there be piled again,

CORINTH.

That rival pyramid would rise
More mountain-like, through those clear skies,
Than yon tower-capp'd Acropolis,
Which seems the very clouds to kiss."

Siege of Corinth.

" My friend the Marquess of Sligo expressed a wish to proceed with me as far as Corinth. At Corinth we separated ; he for Tripolitza — I for Patrass."

Lord Byron's Letters.

CORINTH, from the importance of its situation on the isthmus to which it gives its name, has been celebrated from the earliest periods of Grecian history, by its eventful participation in the wars of Greece, and its advantageous position for commerce, upon the narrow neck of land which divides the Saronic Gulf from the Gulf of Corinth. The prodigious strength of its situation gave it the name of the Key of Peloponnesus. By this pre-eminent advantage it had acquired distinction for its opulence and the arts before the rest of Greece had risen from comparative obscurity.

It is mentioned by Homer as existing long before the siege of Troy, under the name of Ephyre, and known in the heroic ages, or that fabulous period of Greece which preceded chronological record, as the seat of sovereignty of Sisyphus, Bellerophon, and other heroes of Greek mythology.

CORINTH.

The city of Corinth lay so near to its ports on the two seas, (the isthmus being only about five miles across), that it became the emporium of the productions of Asia, by the Gulf of Corinth ; and of Italy and Sicily, by the Saronic Gulf. Its riches, from these sources, were celebrated throughout the then known world ; and, prior to its destruction by the Romans, it must have been an extremely magnificent city. Its immense opulence, and the extravagance of its merchants, made it proverbially a place so expensive to visit, that it was said, “ It is not for every one to go to Corinth.” Here the Isthmian games were celebrated, which drew to this luxurious place a vast concourse from the states of Greece and distant countries. Pausanias notices in and near the city an odeum, a stadium, and sixteen temples. That dedicated to Venus possessed above a thousand female slaves. The celebrated Lais long resided at Corinth, and her tomb, on the road to Cenchreæ, was pointed out to Pausanias, who reports that her fame was by no means extinct among the Corinthians of his day.

Hither Saint Paul came A.D. 52, and continued eighteen months. His two epistles to the church at Corinth indirectly prove the licentious character of the people of this city.

“ The women of Corinth,” says Barthelemy (*Travels of Anacharsis*), “ are celebrated for their beauty ;

CORINTH.

the men by their love of gain and pleasure. They ruin their health by convivial debauches, and love with them is only licentious passion. Venus is their principal deity. The Corinthians who performed such illustrious acts of valour in the Persian war, becoming enervated by pleasure, sunk under the yoke of the Argives; were obliged alternately to solicit the protection of the Lacadæmonians, the Athenians, and the Thebans; and are at length reduced to be only the wealthiest, the most effeminate, and the weakest state of Greece." Herodotus (viii. 94) denies that they performed any acts of valour in the battle of Salamis, but, on the contrary, that the Corinthian ships, under their king Adimantus, fled before the battle, and only returned to it when they heard that the fleet of the other Greek states had won the victory. The arts of painting, and sculpture especially in bronze, attained in Corinth their highest perfection; and the immense riches of the city was probably the chief inducement for the Romans to make themselves parties to a dispute which ended in their taking possession of Corinth, selling its inhabitants for slaves, and giving up all its glories to pillage. This event happened under the Consul L. Mummius 146 b. c. Polybius, who was present, regrets the destruction, in wantonness, of the magnificent works of art by the Roman soldiery. The precious spoils, that were removed to Rome and other

CORINTH.

cities, became their chief ornaments. Corinth lay desolate until Julius Cæsar settled there a Roman colony, who, in removing the rubbish for its re-establishment, found vases and other works of art and things of value, for which immense sums were obtained.

Long lost in the insignificance of a Roman province, little is recorded of Corinth of historical importance until the reign of Julian, A. D. 360, when Gibbon says : “ The venerable age of Greece excited the most tender compassion in the mind of Julian ; he relieved the distress, and restored the beauty, of the cities of Epirus and Peloponnesus. Athens acknowledged him for her benefactor—Argos for her deliverer. The pride of Corinth, again rising from her ruins with the honours of a Roman colony, exacted a tribute from the adjacent republics, for the purpose of defraying the games of the Isthmus, which were celebrated in the amphitheatre.” The next vicissitude of Corinth was its destruction by the Visigoths, under Alaric, the scourge of Greece. Justinian, A. D. 498, restored the walls of the city, which had been destroyed by an earthquake ; and rebuilt a wall, defended by one hundred and fifty-three towers, which extended from sea to sea across the Isthmus.

Nearly a thousand years seem to have passed over this once celebrated country without leaving a record ; for the next distinct mention that we find of it is in

CORINTH.

1415, when Manuel Palæologus wrested Corinth from Roger king of Sicily, and restored the defences of the Isthmus. In the course of the two succeeding centuries, it became the scene of tremendous conflicts between the Turks and Venetians ; and its final capture by the Turks is the subject of Lord Byron's "Siege of Corinth."

Mr. Dodwell, who describes its appearance in 1805, says, " The present town of Corinth, though very thinly peopled, is of considerable extent, as the houses are placed wide apart, and the spaces between occupied with gardens. There are some fine fountains in the town, enriched in the Turkish taste. The Acrocorinthos or Acropolis of Corinth, is one of the finest objects in Greece ; and if properly garrisoned, would be a place of great strength and importance. It shoots up majestically from the plain to a considerable height, and forms a conspicuous object at a great distance. It is clearly seen from Athens, from which it is not less than forty-four miles in a direct line. The Acrocorinthos is at present regarded as the strongest fortification in Greece, next to Nauplia in Argolis. It contains within its walls a town and three mosques."

In our days it has still been a scene of contest : "Corinth is taken, and the Greeks have gained a battle in the Archipelago," says Lord Byron, in a letter to Mr. Kinnaird, written in Greece a few months only before the warrior poet had become the " Pilgrim of Eternity."

THE ACTIVISTS ATHENE

THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS.

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. from a Sketch by T. Allison.

“ Ancient of days ! August Athena ! where—
Where are thy men of might ?— thy great of soul ?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were ;
First in the race that led to glory’s goal,
They won, and pass’d away—is this the whole ?
A schoolboy’s tale, the wonder of an hour !
The warrior’s weapon and the sophist’s stole
Are sought in vain, and o’er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, grey flits the shade of power.”

Childe Harold, canto ii. st. 2.

“ At Athens, on his first visit, Lord Byron made a stay of between two and three months, not a day of which he let pass without employing some of its hours in visiting the grand monuments of ancient genius around him, and calling up the spirit of other times among their ruins.

“ Though the poet has left in his own works an ever-enduring testimony of the enthusiasm with which he now contemplated the scenes around him, it is not difficult to conceive that, to superficial observers, Lord Byron at Athens might have appeared an untouched

THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS.

spectator of much that throws ordinary travellers into at least verbal raptures. With the antiquary and connoisseur his sympathies were few and feeble: for antiquities, indeed, unassociated with high names and deeds, he had no value whatever; and of works of art he was content to admire the general effect, without professing, or aiming at any knowledge of the details. It was to Nature, in her lovely scenes of grandeur and beauty,—or, as at Athens, shining, unchanged among the ruins of glory and of art,—that the true fervid homage of his whole soul was paid.”—*Moore's Life of Byron*.

“The Acropolis of Athens,” says Dodwell, “is its citadel;—a vast rock, lofty, abrupt, and nearly surrounded by precipices, which make it inaccessible except on that side which is towards the Piræus, or port of Athens. On the area of its summit anciently stood the city, founded by Cecrops, whence the present city, the plain, and the gulf, presented a magnificent panorama. The Acropolis is now crowded with the ruins of the ancient monuments of Athenian glory that formerly exhibited all the magnificence which riches and art could realise, a splendour of effect which these contended for the superiority of accomplishing; or, as Chandler has expressed it, ‘It appeared as one entire offering to the deity, surpassing in excellence, and astonishing in richness.’”

In the days of its glory, volumes were filled with the

THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS.

descriptions of its temples, and the pictures, the statues, and the riches they contained. Nero plundered the Acropolis of statues, yet not fewer than three thousand remained there in the days of Pliny.

It was the glory of Pericles, in the best days of Athens, to direct its resources to the embellishment of the city; and when his enemies reproached him with profuseness and extravagance in the employment of its revenues, he asserted that “ It was wisdom to convert the prosperity of a state, sufficiently prepared for war, into its perpetual ornament by public works, which excited every liberal art, moved every hand, and dispersed plenty to the labourer and the artificer, to the mariner and the merchant—the whole city being at once employed, maintained, and beautified.”

“ The western end of the Acropolis, which furnished the only access to the summit of the hill, was 168 feet in breadth, an opening so narrow that it appeared practicable to the artists of Pericles to fill up the space with a single building, which, in serving the main purpose of a gateway, should contribute at once to fortify and to adorn the citadel. “ This work,” says Colonel Leake, “ the greatest production of civil architecture in Athens, which equalled the Parthenon in felicity of execution, and surpassed it in boldness and originality of design, was begun in the archonship of Euthymenes, in the year B.C. 437.” This was the Propylæa.

THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS.

“ The Parthenon, or great temple of Minerva, stood upon the highest platform of the Acropolis, which was so far elevated above the westward entrance, that the pavement of the peristyle of the Parthenon was upon the same level as the capitals of the columns of the eastern portico of the Propylæa. The Parthenon was constructed entirely of white marble, from Mount Pentelicum. It consisted of a cell, surrounded with a peristyle, which had eight doric columns in the fronts, and seventeen in the sides.” The simple construction of this magnificent building, and the united excellencies of materials, design, and decoration, made it the most perfect ever executed. It was 228 feet long and 102 broad, and its height to the top of the pediment 66 feet — dimensions sufficiently great to give an impression of grandeur and sublimity. Besides these, there were on the Acropolis the Erechtheum, with the temples of Minerva Polias and Pandrosus ; the temple of Victory ; and the glorious enrichments of the whole in statues and bassi-relievi.

These now form vast accumulations of ruins, amidst which it is difficult to trace the plans of various buildings known to have existed there. The history of Athens, from soon after the age of Pericles to its conquest by the Romans, and, subsequently, to the fall of the Eastern Empire and its possession by the Turks, is a series of destructive events which have left ruins

THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS.

only, and those chiefly of the Parthenon, which yet stand on the Acropolis, to attest its former grandeur. After the injuries of ages, the effect of storms and time, spoliations by power, destruction by lightnings from heaven, and bombardments by man, its last injuries were inflicted by the removal of the metopes and figures from the pediment of the Parthenon by Lord Elgin. However gratifying it may be to us to possess such glorious works of art, their removal, and the injuries to the building consequent upon it, have deservedly drawn down the maledictions of the genius of Byron, and left an endless stigma upon the perpetrators of this wrong.

“ But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane
On high, where Pallas linger'd, loath to flee
The latest relic of her ancient reign—
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he ?
Blush, Caledonia ! such thy son could be !
England ! I joy no child he was of thine :
Thy free-born men should spare what once was free ;
Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,
And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctant brine.”

Childe Harold, canto ii. st. 11.

A variety of happy circumstances conspired to give to a casual residence in Athens, among the artists, antiquaries, and idlers, who had assembled there, that indescribable charm which induced many travellers

THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS.

to while away months without any determinate object, and permitted few to leave it without unfeigned regret. From this state of peace and enjoyment they were roused by the revolt of the Greeks. The Turkish garrison in the Acropolis was besieged; but it was not long before it was relieved, and deadly revenge was displayed by the Turks, under Omar Vrione. Upon their repossession of Athens, bloodshed and devastation marked their steps. The modern city was almost destroyed, and the wretched inhabitants compelled to fly to the islands for shelter. Those who, after the expulsion of the Turks, returned, found only bare walls and ruined habitations. Though these contests have been so destructive to the dwellings of the Athenians, the buildings on the Acropolis have suffered less than was expected. The latest accounts by Professor Thiersch, who found the Propylæa unchanged, state, that "the west side of the Parthenon has greatly suffered; yet, although large pieces were blown out by the Turkish artillery, the pillars proved so strong, that not one was thrown down. The beautiful reliefs behind the western hall remain untouched; but a great portion of the wall of the cella has been destroyed by the covetousness of the Turks, in their search for iron and lead, with which the stones are held together. The Erechtheum is half in ruins, but the mischief was done by Greeks. Ghouras, the

THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS.

assassin of Odysseus, during the siege kept his family in it, and loading the roof with rubbish, it broke down and buried fourteen women and children under its weight. Unfortunately, travellers, and, above all, the English, are now completing the work of destruction, by knocking off pieces from the overthrown friezes and capitals, for the purpose of carrying them home as trophies." This censure does not apply to the English, but to a party of American officers of the United States frigate Constellation, whom Thiersch mistook for English. We have too many sins of Lord Elgin's to answer for—not of destruction, but removal—to be silent under this accusation. The report of these outrages by the Americans had reached England before they were avowed in a silly and ill-written book, just published, from the pen of one of these very American officers, named Wines, who boasts that they knocked off pieces of a fallen caryatide, "for specimens;" and adds, "our Turkish soldier, not conceiving any other possible motive for such conduct, inquired if we had no such stones in America!" Let not the English, then, have the blame. The young officers of this American ship were the chief spoliators of these relics, to carry across the Atlantic; evidence at once of the skill of the Greeks and of their own barbarism.

This exposure, supported by their own authority, is the more necessary, as the author impudently

THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS.

claims for his countrymen, superior intelligence and higher virtues than are to be found under the “despotic governments of Europe,” where, however, so many of them are delighted to live—of course to shine more brightly in our darkness. Yet this person, who unblushingly boasts of outrages upon the remains of these most interesting antiquities of Greece, says: “True greatness never plays the part of the braggadocio. If the people under the despotic governments of Europe are less intelligent and happy than we, it is their misfortune, not their fault; and they are more deserving of our pity than our scorn!” But we cannot give him any pity in return. We laugh to see such an animal swoln to bursting with the conviction that the frog is a bull, and that thousands of his countrymen are conceited enough to believe the delusion: but there is no term of scorn in the vocabularies of the old or the new world, which can express the contempt felt by every man of common sense for the folly of the guilty braggart, who, whilst boasting of his superior intelligence, acknowledges his participation in the Vandalism of destroying these precious remains of the former glories of the Acropolis. ■

THEORY OF JUSTICE

TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPIUS, ATHENS.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A., from a Sketch by W. Page.

“ Here let me sit upon this massy stone,
The marble column’s yet unshaken base ;*
Here, son of Saturn ! was thy fav’rite throne :
Mightiest of many such ! Hence let me trace
The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.
It may not be : nor e’en can Fancy’s eye
Restore what Time hath labour’d to deface.
Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh ;
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by.”

Childe Harold, canto ii. st. 10.

“ BEYOND the gate the walls project, and you have to pass round an angle of them, in order to arrive at a ruin of inconceivable magnificence, directly before you to the east.

* “ The Temple of Jupiter Olympius, of which sixteen columns, entirely of marble, yet survive : originally there were one hundred and fifty. These columns, however, are by many supposed to have belonged to the Pantheon.”

TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPIUS.

“ After leaving the walls, and passing over corn-grounds, rugged and interrupted by ravines, at about a furlong distance you come to a flat paved area, evidently artificially raised, as may be seen from some foundation walls on the eastern side, and towards the channel of the Ilissus, which passes at a hundred paces to the south. On this stand the sixteen fluted Corinthian columns of the building finished by Hadrian, called by some the Pantheon, and by others the Temple of Jupiter Olympius.

“ The stupendous size of the shafts of these columns (for they are six feet in diameter, and sixty feet in height,) does not more arrest the attention of the spectator than the circumstance of there being no fallen ruins on or near the spot, which was covered with one hundred and twenty columns, and the marble walls of a temple abounding in statues of gods and heroes, and a thousand offerings of splendid piety.

“ The solitary grandeur of these marble ruins is, perhaps, more striking than the appearance presented by any other object at Athens; and the Turks themselves seem to regard them with an eye of respect and veneration.”—*Hobhouse's Journey*.

“ According to Stuart's plan, it had, when entire, one hundred and twenty-four large columns, and twenty-six smaller ones within the cella. It stands upon a foundation of the soft Piræan stone, like the

TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPIUS.

Parthenon. Pliny seems to authorise the supposition, that Sylla sent from Athens to Rome some columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympius: but when we consider their colossal size, it appears probable that he alludes to some of the smaller ones which were within the cella, and perhaps of more costly materials than the Pentelic, which was not so highly prized by the Romans as the variegated marble. The capital and the architrave of this temple have never been measured, on account of the great height of the column; which, including the capital, appears to be about fifty-five feet. The capitals are not all exactly similar in their ornaments; and are so large, that they are composed of two blocks.

“ The brick building that rests upon the architrave of the two western columns of the middle range, is supposed to have been the aerial residence of a Stylites hermit: it is three stories high, and about twenty feet long, and seven broad; and must have been erected when the temple was much more perfect, and when a staircase remained in the wall of the cella, or when the accumulated mass of ruin reached as high as the epistylia of the temple.

“ The single column which stood towards the western extremity of the temple, was thrown down, many years ago, by the orders of a voivode of Athens, for the sake of the materials, which were employed in

TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPIUS.

constructing the great mosque in the bazar. It was undermined and blown down by gunpowder; but such was its massive strength, that the fourth explosion took place before it fell. The Pacha of Egripos inflicted upon the voivode a fine of seventeen purses (8,500 Turkish piastres) for having destroyed those venerable remains. The Athenians relate, that, after this column was thrown down, the three others nearest to it were heard at night to lament the loss of their sister! and these nocturnal lamentations did not cease to terrify the inhabitants, till the sacrilegious voivode, who had been appointed governor of Zetoun, was destroyed by poison."—*Dodwell's Greece*, vol. i. p. 387.

THE HISTORY OF JUPITER'S STATUS AT ANTIOPH

London, Printed and sold by J. Johnson and sold by F. C. Newell.

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TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPIUS, AT ATHENS.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A. from a Sketch by W. Page.

IN this view the Temple is more distant from the observer, and in such a direction that the cell of the Stylite hermit upon the architrave is visible. The Acropolis is here a more important feature.

“ Yon fane
On high, where Pallas lingered, loath to flee,
The latest relic of her ancient reign.”

Childe Harold, canto ii. st. 11.

The following lines upon the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius were written by T. K. Hervey, and appeared in Williams's “Greece.”

“ Thou art not silent!—Oracles are thine
Which the wind utters, and the spirit hears,
Lingering, 'mid ruined fane and broken shrine,
O'er many a tale and trace of other years!
Bright as an ark, o'er all the flood of tears
That wraps thy cradle-land, thine earthly love,
Where hours of hope 'mid centuries of fears
Have gleamed, like lightnings through the gloom above,
Stands, roofless to the sky, thy home, Olympian Jove!



162

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Mr. & Mrs. HARRY
DR. J. GREEN HARRY

MAID OF ATHENS.

Drawn by F. Stone, from an Original by T. Allason.

Zéin μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

“ Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart !
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest !
Hear my vow before I go,
*Zéin μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.**

“ By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Ægean wind ;
By those lids, whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge ;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Zéin μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

* “ Romaic expression of tenderness. If I translate it,” says Lord Byron, “ I shall affront the gentlemen, as it may seem that I supposed they could not; and if I do not, I may affront the ladies. For fear of any misconstruction on the part of the latter, I shall do so, begging pardon of the learned. It means, ‘ My life, I love you !’ which sounds very prettily in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day, as Juvenal tells us the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenised.”

MAID OF ATHENS.

“ By that lip I long to taste ;
By that zone-encircled waist ;
By all the token-flowers* that tell
What words can never speak so well ;
By love’s alternate joy and woe,
Zων μοῦ, σας ἀγαπῶ

“ Maid of Athens ! I am gone
Think of me, sweet ! when alone
Though I fly to Istambol,†
Athens holds my heart and soul :
Can I cease to love thee ? No !
Zων μοῦ, σας ἀγαπῶ”

“ I had almost forgot to tell you that I am dying for love of three Greek girls at Athens, sisters—I lived in the same house. Teresa, Mariana, and Katinka,‡ are the names of these divinities—all of them under fifteen ”

Lord Byron's Letter to Mr. H. Drury, May 3, 1810

* “ In the East (where ladies are not taught to write, lest they should scribble assignations), flowers, cinders, pebbles, &c convey the sentiments of the parties by that universal deputy of Mercury—an old woman A cinder says, ‘ I burn for thee,’ a bunch of flowers tied with hair, ‘ Take me and fly,’ but a pebble declares—what nothing else can ”

† Constantinople

‡ In making love to one of these girls, he had recourse to an act of courtship often practised in that country—namely, giving himself a wound across the breast with his dagger The young Athenian, by his own account, looked on very coolly during the operation, considering it a fit tribute to her beauty, but in no degree moved to gratitude

MAID OF ATHENS.

THERESA MACRI was one of three sisters, the daughters of Mr. M'Cree, a Scotchman, who married a Grecian lady at Athens, and resided there as English consul. Having upon one occasion joined a party of English travellers in an excursion, he caught a fever on the journey, and died, leaving his family in straitened circumstances. Their possessions were some olive-grounds, the rental of which was aided by their letting part of their house to English travellers. Lord Byron lived with them the first time he was at Athens; on his return thither from Constantinople, he took up his abode at the Franciscan Convent. His frequent opportunities of seeing Theresa led to his feeling that affectionate regard towards her, or the poet's privilege of feigning it, which occasioned the above beautiful lines.

Among the English who visited Athens were two travellers, whose names are remarkable as associated with city honours. Messrs. W***** and C*****, who, struck with the beauty and manners of these interesting girls, by their attentions and avowal of honourable love, won the affections of the two sisters, Theresa and Catinca, and promised them marriage. Theresa was introduced by Mr W. to all his friends at Athens as his future bride; and upon his leaving that city, he wished that the family of his intended should gratify his pride by no longer letting a part of their house to strangers. On the return of the lovers to

MAID OF ATHENS.

England, absence, and the heartlessness of their engagements, had cooled their affections, if their feelings towards their betrothed ever deserved to be characterised by such a term. They wrote that their fathers objected to the marriages. Passionless affectation was the precursor to a cessation of all correspondence ; and the unhappy girls, with hearts withering in the chill of neglect and desertion, shrunk into a long retirement to weep over their deceived and blighted hopes of happiness.

“ Man’s love is of man’s life a thing apart ;
‘Tis woman’s whole existence.

* * * * *

Alas ! the love of woman ! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing ;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if ‘tis lost, life hath no more to bring
To them, but mockeries of the past alone.”

Don Juan, canto ii.

The excellent character of these girls, and their interesting story, excited a great desire on the part of some English visitors to bring the young recluses again into society. This was at last accomplished by the kind and gentle influence of Lady Ruthven, whose amiable and affectionate attentions to them induced them to accept an invitation to a ball given by the

MAID OF ATHENS.

English gentlemen in Athens, at Vitali's, a house situated the next to their own. Two of the sisters only could attend ; the youngest had been unwell ; and every moment that they could withdraw from the dance, it was to make inquiries, with affectionate solicitude, from the balcony at Vitali's, of their own domestics in the next garden, after the state of their sister, who could not participate in the festivity. When the Turks took Athens, the Consulina Macri and her daughters fled, in a half-decked boat, and in a state of destitution, to Corfu, where they were at first forbidden to land ; for so numerous had been the refugees from Greece, that Sir Thomas Maitland, in dread of a famine, had denied them admission. Fortunately they found a friend, who succeeded in obtaining leave for them to go to the Lazaretto. Here they were soon visited by some friends ; and upon their destitute situation being made known to Lord Guilford, in Rome, he transmitted to them one hundred pounds, which he raised among the English there. They spoke French, Italian, and a little English ; and it is said that at Corfu they edited an edition of Madame de Genlis' "*Manuel de Voyageur*," with the addition of the Romaic or modern Greek dialogue.

This interesting family is mentioned in "*Travels in Italy, Greece, &c.*" by the late Mr. Hugh Williams of Edinburgh, who lodged in their house, and whose

MAID OF ATHENS.

mention of them is highly interesting. "Our servant," he says, "who had gone before to procure accommodation, met us at the gate, and conducted us to Theodora Macri, the Consulina's, where we at present live. This lady is the widow of the consul, and has three lovely daughters; the eldest, celebrated for her beauty, and said to be the 'Maid of Athens,' of Lord Byron. Their apartment is immediately opposite to ours; and if you could see them, as we do now, through the gently waving aromatic plants before the window, you would leave your heart in Athens.

"Theresa, the Maid of Athens, Catinca, and Mariana, are of middle stature. On the crown of the head of each is a red Albanian skull-cap, with a blue tassel spread out and fastened down like a star. Near the edge or bottom of the skull-cap is a handkerchief of various colours bound round their temples. The youngest wears her hair loose, falling on her shoulders, the hair behind descending down the back nearly to the waist, and, as usual, mixed with silk. The two eldest generally have their hair bound, and fastened under the handkerchief. Their upper robe is a pelisse edged with fur, hanging loose down to the ankles; below is a handkerchief of muslin covering the bosom, and terminating at the waist, which is short; under that, a gown of striped silk or muslin, with a gore round the swell of the loins, falling in front in graceful

MAID OF ATHENS.

negligence ; white stockings and yellow slippers complete their attire. The two eldest have black, or dark, hair and eyes ; their visage oval, and complexion somewhat pale, with teeth of dazzling whiteness. Their cheeks are rounded, and noses straight, rather inclined to aquiline. The youngest, Mariana, is very fair, her face not so finely rounded, but has a gayer expression than her sisters', whose countenances, except when the conversation has something of mirth in it, may be said to be rather pensive. Their persons are elegant, and their manners pleasing and ladylike, such as would be fascinating in any country. They possess very considerable powers of conversation, and their minds seem to be more instructed than those of the Greek women in general. With such attractions, it would indeed be remarkable if they did not meet with great attentions from the travellers who occasionally are resident in Athens. They sit in the eastern style, a little reclined, with their limbs gathered under them on the divan, and without shoes. Their employments are the needle, tambouring, and reading.

“ I have said that I saw these Grecian beauties through the waving aromatic plants before their window. This perhaps has raised your imagination somewhat too high in regard to their condition. You may have supposed their dwelling to have every attribute of eastern luxury. The aromatic plants which I have

MAID OF ATHENS.

mentioned, are neither more nor less than a few geraniums and Grecian balms ; and the room in which the ladies sit is quite unfurnished, the walls neither painted nor decorated by ‘cunning hand.’ Since the death of the consul their father, these ladies depend on strangers lodging in their spare room and closet, which we now occupy. But though so poor, their virtue shines as conspicuous as their beauty. Not all the wealth of the east, or the complimentary lays of the first of England’s poets, could render them so truly worthy of love and admiration.”

The Consulina, after the retirement of the Turks, returned again to Athens. And the latest accounts of Theresa have broken the charm of poetry which surrounded her ; she is said to be married and grown fat !

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FRANCISCAN CONVENT, ATHENS.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A. from a Sketch by W. Page.

“ THOUGH he occasionally made excursions through Attica and the Morea, his head-quarters were fixed at Athens, where he had taken lodgings in a Franciscan convent; and, in the intervals of his tours, employed himself in collecting materials for those notices on the state of modern Greece which he has appended to the second canto of Childe Harold. In this retreat, also, as if in utter defiance of the ‘genius loci,’ he wrote his ‘Hints from Horace,’—a satire which, impregnated as it is with London life from beginning to end, bears the date, ‘Athens, Capuchin Convent, March 12, 1811.’”—*Moore’s Life of Byron.*

The genius of the illustrious Byron has thrown an interest around every spot and place in which he resided, or acted, or wrote; and the convent of the Franciscan Capuchins, after his death, became a place of pilgrimage to all those travellers in Athens who have been aroused, subdued, or charmed by his power; and

FRANCISCAN CONVENT.

even those who are too obtuse to be impressed by the master-spell, go there for fashion, and affect to feel.

Here Byron, gazing out upon a scene of which he had said, when looking upon the plain of Athens, “that it was a more glorious prospect than even Cintra or Istambol,”—here he received many of those inspirations to which his mind has given a deathless grandeur.

“No view in Athens,” says Dodwell, “is superior to that from the convent in beauty and in interest; while it is surmounted by the eastern end of the Acropolis, it commands an animating prospect of Mount Parnes, Pentelikon, Anchesmos, Hymettos, and part of the Saronic gulf, with the islands and Peloponnesian mountains. The nearer objects are the Arch of Hadrian, the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, the Ilissus, and the Stadium. An open gallery, which formed part of our lodging, was perpetually impressing our minds with the sublimity of this scenery, and with the numerous classical recollections it inspired.”

In the view of the convent sketched by Mr. Page, there is seen over the wall of the court or garden part an object of great interest to antiquaries and architects,—a little building, celebrated for its display of Greek taste, and of singular beauty,—the choragic monument of Lysicrates. The walls of the convent have been so built as partly to enclose it within one of its angles: to this circumstance, probably, this elegant

FRANCISCAN CONVENT.

little structure has owed its preservation. It is built of white marble, and is so small that its internal diameter is not more than five feet eleven inches. It was entirely closed up and inaccessible, until it was opened on one side, probably in search of expected treasures. Now there is a door by which it is entered from a chamber in the convent, and light is admitted by windows. The lines, like joints, which induced Stuart to think its circular cell was composed of six layers, have been cut to convey that appearance in the solid stone, for the cell did not consist of more than two cylindrical pieces. The summit of this monument is surmounted by an elegant ornament, whose triangular top was evidently designed to support the tripod which had been the reward to the victors in the musical contest. In Stuart's "Athens" there is a beautiful design of the appearance of the monument when crowned with the tripod. Stuart, who has drawn and described it with great care, says that there is on the architrave an inscription, from which we learn "that on some solemn festival, which was celebrated with games and plays, Lysicrates, of Kikyna, a demos or borough-town of the tribe of Akamantis, did, on behalf of his tribe, but at his own expense, exhibit a musical or theatrical entertainment, in which the boys of the tribe of Akamantis obtained the victory; and in memory of their victory this monument was erected, and the name of the person

FRANCISCAN CONVENT.

at whose expense the entertainment was exhibited, of the tribe that gained the prize, and the musician who accompanied the performers, and of the composer of the piece, were all recorded on it; to them the name of the annual archon is likewise added in whose year of magistracy all this was executed. From this last circumstance, it appears that this building was erected above three hundred and thirty years before the Christian era, in the time of Apelles, Lysippus, and Alexander the Great."

Dodwell, when he was at Athens, lodged also in this convent. He writes of it, that it is situated at the south-east extremity of the town, near the Arch of Hadrian, in the Tripod street of the ancients, now denominated Kandēla, and which, with the neighbouring church of Panagia Kandēla, takes its name from the lantern of Demosthenes, sometimes called Kandēla, although Phanāri is the more common appellation, both of these words signifying lantern.

"The upper part of this monument is hollow, and contains a space of nearly six feet diameter, which is at present the library of the superior of the convent; the roof, which is in the form of a low cupola, consists of a single mass: the whole is constructed with great judgment and solidity, which has enabled it to defy the effects of time, and the ravages of the elements, for more than two thousand years; and it may, perhaps,

FRANCISCAN CONVENT.

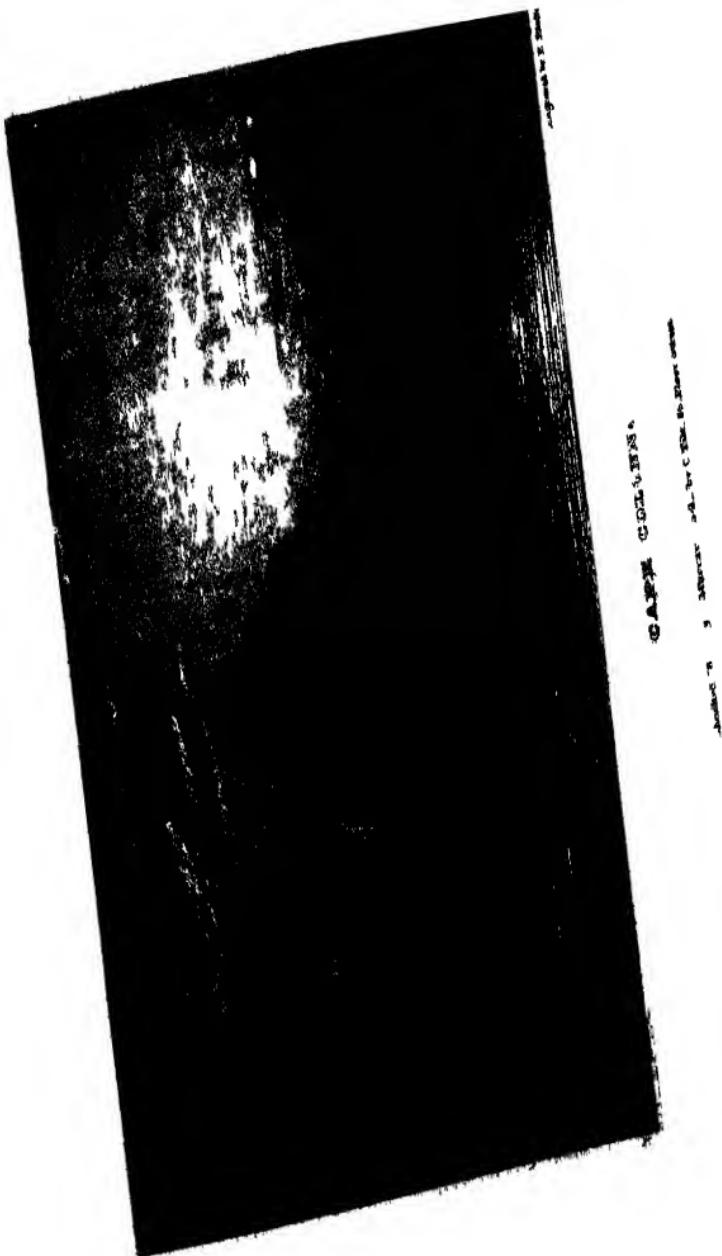
still survive for an equal period, unless it is barbarously mutilated to gratify the tasteless cupidity of some wealthy traveller.

"I was assured by the superior," Dodwell adds, "that during the dilapidating mania in 1801, proposals had been made to him and to the voivode, for the purchase of the entire monument, which was to have been conveyed to a northern country! and that it owes its present existence to the protection which it derived from its position within the precincts of the monastery." Some years ago, an exact model was constructed and placed in the Louvre, and casts of the whole monument, with those of the minute sculpture on the circular architrave, were taken by Lord Elgin's artists: it would have been well if in this way only his lordship had sought to make those who could not visit Athens, acquainted with the remains of its glories which yet existed there. The recent revolution in Greece, under which Athens has suffered so much, had nearly been fatal to many of its beautiful remains—amongst these, the lantern of Demosthenes was greatly defaced by a fire, which destroyed the convent; but the French vice-consul has done much to preserve or restore what of it yet remains, and it is better seen at present than when it was partly embedded within the walls of the convent.

One anecdote of Byron is told in connexion with this choragic monument. Though Hobhouse describes

FRANCISCAN CONVENT.

the chamber in it as only capable of holding one student at his desk, and that it merely serves as a small circular recess to the left wing of the convent, from which it is separated by a curtain of green cloth; yet, in this strange uncomfortable place only, would Lord Byron sleep. This was related to an English artist, on his visit to Athens, by Lusieri, with some amusing jokes upon the illustrious poet, as to the direction of his head or his heels, for one or other must have extended beyond the entrance to the cell.



CAPE COLONNA.

Drawn by W. Purser.

“ Fair clime, where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far COLONNA's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lends to loneliness delight.
There, mildly dimpling ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the eastern wave ;
And if, at times, a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odours there !”

The Giaour.

“ Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing save the waves and I
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep :
There, swan-like, let me sing and die.”

Don Juan, canto iii.

CAPE COLONNA.

“ — ‘Twas oft my luck to dine,
The grass my table-cloth, in open air,
On Sunium.” —

Don Juan, canto xv.

“ THIS celebrated promontory, which was sacred in the time of Homer, and where Menelaus, returning from Troy, buried his pilot Phrontis, is one of the finest situations in Greece, and is much more elevated than I had supposed. It towers in impressive majesty from the sea, and is precipitous on all sides except towards Laurion. The view from it combines beauty, interest, and extent: it overlooks the wide expanse of the *Ægean*, with many of its islands. Eubœa is seen towards the north-east, with the lofty ridges of Karystos or Oche terminating in the sea, with the white shore and rough Geraistian promontory celebrated for storms and pirates; and at present, according to Meletius, denominated Xylophagos, the devourer of wood, from the number of ships which are lost upon its rocks.”

Nor is Cape Colonna less destructive in tempestuous weather, when, with awful contrast, this strikingly beautiful scene from the promontory, to which every traveller who has visited it bears testimony, exhibits its terrors under the effects of the storms which sometimes frightfully rage around its scathed head. Dodwell says, “ The promontory of Sunium is exposed more than almost any other plain to the violence of

CAPE COLONNA.

the winds. It is assailed by every rude gust which blows from the north, south, and west, and it is only partially sheltered by Laurion from the eastern blast. During our stay, scarcely a moment intervened without a violent gale; and it is almost as ill-famed for shipwrecks as the Malean promontory, nor is it less dreaded by the mariner. It is also frequently the resort of Mainiote and Eubœan pirates, who discover vessels from it at a great distance, and thus readily dart upon their prey."

As a scene of destruction, Cape Colonna has acquired great interest to the reader of English poetry, from its having been the actual spot upon which Falconer was shipwrecked, and when he and two others only escaped. The events of the horrors of this catastrophe furnished him with all the frightful truths of his subject and his poem.

“ But now Athenian mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high,
Where marble columns, long by time defaced,
Moss-covered, on the lofty cape are placed ;
There rear'd by fair devotion, to sustain,
In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane ;
The circling beach in murderous form appears,
Decisive goal of all their hopes and fears ;
The seamen now in wild amazement see
The scene of ruin rise beneath their lee ;
Swift from their minds elapsed all dangers past,
As dumb with terror they behold the last.”

Falconer's Shipwreck, canto iii.

L. H. MCKEEPLIN OF GREENSBORO.

green limestone

TEMPLE OF MINERVA,

CAPE COLONNA.

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. from a Sketch by T. Allason, Esq.

“ Tritonia’s airy shrine adorns
Colonna’s cliff, and gleams along the wave.”

Childe Harold, canto ii. st. 86.

“ THE promontory of Sunium was anciently decorated with two temples; one of Minerva Sunias, and the other of Neptune Suniaratos. The peripteral temple which yet remains is generally supposed to be that of Minerva.

“ It is elevated upon three steps, and possessed originally six columns in front, and probably thirteen on each side, composed of white marble, resembling that of Thorikos, and in all probability brought from that place. The metopæ, which are ornamented with bas-reliefs, are apparently from the Parian quarries. In the time of Spon there were nineteen columns standing. The Abbé Tourmont says, that in his time there were seventeen. Le Roy has represented two antæ and two columns at the eastern front, four columns on the north side, and seven on the south side. The

TEMPLE OF MINERVA.

present remains consist of two columns and a pilaster of the pronaos, three columns on the northern side, and nine on the southern. Le Roy has given only thirteen columns, whereas fourteen are remaining at the present day. Chandler says that some of them were destroyed by a Turk named Jaffier Bey.

“ This beautiful temple appears to be of much less antiquity than that of Corinth, and of Jupiter at *Ægina*; and the elegance of its proportions indicates that it is a more recent structure than the Parthenon. Vitruvius asserts, that the temple of Castor, in the Flaminian circus at Rome, was similar to that of Minerva at Sunium.

“ The temple on the Sunium promontory, which is situated near the sea, and exposed to continual winds, has been corroded by the saline effluvia, insomuch that the angles of the flutings have lost their original sharpness; and instead of the golden patina that is seen on the Parthenon, the marble of Sunium exhibits its original whiteness, which, contrasted with the bright blue sky above, and the dark green shrubs of the foreground, has a singular and lively effect. The forests of Sophocles have disappeared, and are replaced by some wild olive-trees and dwarfish junipers.

“ The temple is supported on the north side by a regularly constructed terrace-wall, of which seventeen layers of stone still remain. Some metopæ are scat-

TEMPLE OF MINERVA.

tered among the ruins, but they are corroded and decayed. Valuable remains might be discovered by turning up the earth; and it is unfortunate, that among the travellers who have visited this place, none have had sufficient leisure, means, or enterprise, to undertake an excavation which promises so much. Mons. Le Chevalier indeed, on his way to Troy, stopped at Sunium, and had the interior of the temple excavated in his presence; but having found some human skeletons, the Greek workmen were unwilling to proceed in the undertaking, from a supposition that it had once been a church.

“ The fallen columns are scattered about below the temple, to which they form the richest foreground. Some have fallen into the sea, and others have been stopped by ledges and projections of the rock. I went down the steepest part of the precipice, and found a metopa near the water, beautifully sculptured, but corroded by the spray of the sea.

“ Several frusta of columns are found a little below the north side of the temple, with Doric capitals of white marble, of smaller dimensions than those of the temple. These are the remains of the propylæa; and there seems to have been nearly the same difference and proportion between the propylæa of Sunium and its temple, as there is between the Athenian propylæa and the Parthenon. The ancients probably had some

TEMPLE OF MINERVA.

settled rule concerning the reciprocal proportions of these two edifices to one another.

“ As we were desirous of making several drawings of this beautiful temple, we remained here four days, and slept in a cavern in the side of the precipice, which commanded a view over the wide and varied shores of the Saronic Gulf.”—*Dodwell's Tour through Greece*.

“ In all Attica,” says Lord Byron, in a note to Childe Harold, “ if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato’s conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over ‘ isles that crown the *Æ*gean deep.’—This Temple of Minerva may be seen at sea from a great distance. In two journeys which I made, and one voyage to Cape Colonna, the view from either side by land was less striking than the approach from the isles. In our second land excursion we had a narrow escape from a party of Mainoites, concealed in the caverns beneath. We were told afterwards by one of their prisoners subsequently ransomed, that they were deterred from attacking us by the appearance of my two Albanians: conjecturing, very sagaciously, but falsely, that we had a complete guard of these Arnaouts at hand, they remained sta-

TEMPLE OF MINERVA.

tionary, and thus saved our party, which was too small to have opposed any effectual resistance."

There is a curious anecdote mentioned in a note to the *Giaour*, in connexion with the escape of Lord Byron at the Cape Colonna, which shews that a superstition of second hearing, like that of the second sight among the Highlands of Scotland, prevails in Greece.

A whimsical story is related of a party of sailors who paid a visit to the Temple of Minerva Sunias. When H. M. S. the *Garland* was cruising off Cape Colonna, some of the crew obtained leave to land. For fun they had provided themselves with a tub of tar, or black paint, which they carried up to the Temple, where some of them actually succeeded in climbing to the architrave, and painting upon its whole length, in enormous letters, the name of their ship. Some set to work below, and painted black bases to the columns; and others amused themselves by daubing devices on the fallen masses. It would seem, however, that Jupiter Pluvius came in aid of Minerva, to avenge her violated fane, for one of the records of their visit, left by the tars, was—" *It rains like h—l!*"

ST. BONITA

SANTA SOPHIA,

CON^TANTINOPLE.

Drawn by D. Roberts, A.R.A., from a Sketch by W. Page.

“ Sophia’s cupola with golden gleam.”

Don Juan, canto v. st. 3.

“ Of Constantinople you will find many descriptions in different travels; but Lady Wortley Montague errs strangely when she says, ‘ St. Paul’s would cut a strange figure by St. Sophia’s.’ I have seen them both, surveyed them inside and out attentively. St. Sophia’s is undoubtedly the most interesting, from its immense antiquity, and the circumstance of all the Greek emperors, from Justinian, having been crowned there, and several murdered at the altar.”

Byron’s Letter to his Mother.

GIBBON, quoting the authority of the old historians, thus describes the structure and splendour of this celebrated temple: “ The principal church, which was dedicated by the founder of Constantinople to Saint Sophia, or the eternal wisdom, had been twice destroyed by fire, after the exile of John Chrysostom, and during

SANTA SOPHIA.

the Nika of the blue and green factions. No sooner did the tumult subside, than the Christian populace deplored their sacrilegious rashness; but they might have rejoiced in the calamity, had they foreseen the glory of the new temple, which at the end of forty days was strenuously undertaken by the piety of Justinian. The ruins were cleared away, a more spacious plan was described; and as it required the consent of some proprietors of ground, they obtained the most exorbitant terms from the eager desires and timorous conscience of the monarch. Anthemius formed the design, and his genius directed the hands of ten thousand workmen, whose payment in pieces of fine silver was never delayed beyond the evening. The emperor himself, clad in a linen tunic, surveyed each day their rapid progress, and encouraged their diligence by his familiarity, his zeal, and his rewards. The new cathedral of St. Sophia was consecrated by the patriarch, five years, eleven months, and ten days from the first foundation; and in the midst of the solemn festival, Justinian exclaimed, with devout vanity, ‘ Glory be to God, who hath thought me worthy to accomplish so great a work; I have vanquished thee, O Solomon! ’ But the pride of the Roman Solomon, before twenty years had elapsed, was humbled by an earthquake, which overthrew the eastern part of the dome. Its splendour was again restored by the perseverance of the same prince;

SANTA SOPHIA.

and in the thirty-sixth year of his reign, Justinian celebrated the second dedication of a temple, which remains, after twelve centuries, a stately monument of his fame. The architecture of St. Sophia, which is now converted into the principal mosch, has been imitated by the Turkish sultans; and that venerable pile continues to excite the fond admiration of the Greeks, and the more rational curiosity of European travellers. The eye of the spectator is disappointed by an irregular prospect of half-domes and shelving roofs; the western front, the principal approach, is destitute of simplicity and magnificence; and the scale of dimensions has been much surpassed by several of the Latin cathedrals. But the architect who first erected an aerial cupola, is entitled to the praise of bold design and skilful execution. The dome of St. Sophia, illuminated by four-and-twenty windows, is formed with so small a curve, that the depth is equal only to one-sixth of its diameter; the measure of that diameter is one hundred and fifteen feet, and the lofty centre, where a crescent has supplanted the cross, rises to the perpendicular height of one hundred and eighty feet above the pavement. The circle which encompasses the dome, lightly reposes on four strong arches, and their weight is firmly supported by four massive piles, whose strength is assisted on the northern and southern sides by four columns of Egyptian granite.

SANTA SOPHIA.

A Greek cross, inscribed in a quadrangle, represents the form of the edifice; the exact breadth is two hundred and forty-three feet, and two hundred and sixty-nine may be assigned for the extreme length from the sanctuary in the east to the nine western doors which open into the vestibule, and from thence into the *narthex*, or exterior portico. That portico was the humble station of the penitents. The nave, or body of the church, was filled by the congregation of the faithful; but the two sexes were prudently distinguished, and the upper and lower galleries were allotted for the more private devotion of the women. Beyond the northern and southern piles, a balustrade, terminated on either side by the thrones of the emperor and the patriarch, divided the nave from the choir; and the space, as far as the steps of the altar, was occupied by the clergy and singers. The altar itself, a name which insensibly became familiar to Christian ears, was placed in the eastern recess, artificially built in the form of a demi-cylinder; and this sanctuary communicated by several doors with the sacristy, the vestry, the baptistery, and the contiguous buildings, subservient either to the pomp of worship, or the private use of the ecclesiastical ministers. The memory of past calamities inspired Justinian with a wise resolution, that no wood, except for the doors, should be admitted into the new edifice; and the choice of the materials was applied to the

SANTA SOPHIA.

strength, the lightness, or the splendour of the respective parts. The solid piles which sustained the cupola were composed of huge blocks of freestone, hewn into squares and triangles, fortified by circles of iron, and firmly cemented by the infusion of lead and quick-lime; but the weight of the cupola was diminished by the levity of its substance, which consists either of pumice-stone that floats in the water, or of bricks from the Isle of Rhodes, five times less ponderous than the ordinary sort. The whole frame of the edifice was constructed of brick; but those base materials were concealed by a crust of marble; and the inside of St. Sophia, the cupola, the two larger and the six smaller semi-domes, the walls, the hundred columns, and the pavement, delight even the eyes of barbarians, with a rich and variegated picture.

“ A variety of ornaments and figures was curiously expressed in mosaic; and the images of Christ, of the Virgin, of saints, and of angels, which have been defaced by Turkish fanaticism, were dangerously exposed to the superstition of the Greeks. According to the sanctity of each object, the precious metals were distributed in thin leaves or in solid masses. The balustrade of the choir, the capitals of the pillars, the ornaments of the doors and galleries, were of gilt bronze; the spectator was dazzled by the glittering aspect of the cupola; the sanctuary contained forty thousand pounds weight

SANTA SOPHIA.

of silver ; and the holy vases and vestments of the altar were of the purest gold, enriched with inestimable gems. Before the structure of the church had risen two cubits above the ground, forty-five thousand two hundred pounds were already consumed ; and the whole expense amounted to three hundred and twenty thousand : each reader, according to the measure of his belief, may estimate their value either in gold or silver ; but the sum of one million sterling is the result of the lowest computation. A magnificent temple is a laudable monument of national taste and religion ; and the enthusiast who entered the dome of St. Sophia might be tempted to suppose that it was the residence, or even the workmanship, of the Deity. Yet, how dull is the artifice, how insignificant is the labour, if it be compared with the formation of the vilest insect that crawls upon the surface of the temple!"

When, in 1453, Constantinople was taken by Mahomet the Second, and the Turks rushed into the devoted city, the terrified inhabitants, " from every part of the capital, flowed into the church of St. Sophia. In the space of one hour, the sanctuary, the choir, the nave, the upper and lower galleries, were filled with the multitudes of fathers and husbands, of women and children, of priests, monks, and religious virgins." The fane of St. Sophia was violated, as well as that of every other temple in which the wretched Greeks

SANTA SOPHIA.

sought a momentary security: they were dragged from the sacred domes and the altars to the slave-market, and from every place where they had sought refuge within the walls, to become the victims of the passions, the cupidity, and the power of their conquerors.

“ The profanation of the plunder of the monasteries and churches excited the most tragic complaints. The dome of St. Sophia itself, the earthly heaven, the second firmament, the vehicle of the cherubim, the throne of the glory of God, was despoiled of the oblations of ages; and the gold and silver, the pearls and jewels, the vases and sacerdotal ornaments, were most wickedly converted to the service of mankind. After the divine images had been stripped of all that could be valuable to a profane eye, the canvass, or the wood, was torn, broken, or burnt, or trod under foot, or applied, in the stables or the kitchen, to the vilest uses.” — *Gibbon’s Decline and Fall*.

After eight hours of disorder and rapine, on the memorable twenty-ninth of May, 1453, the Sultan entered in triumph, by the gate of St. Romanus, the city he had conquered. “ At the principal door of St. Sophia he alighted from his horse, and entered the dome; and such was his jealous regard for that monument of his glory, that on observing a zealous Mussulman in the act of breaking the marble pavement, he admonished him with his scymetar, that, if the spoil and the captives

SANTA SOPHIA.

were granted to the soldiers, the public and private buildings had been reserved for the prince. By his command the metropolis of the eastern church was transformed into a mosch; the rich and portable instruments of superstition were removed; the crosses were thrown down; and the walls, which were covered with images and mosaics, were washed and purified, and restored to a state of naked simplicity. On the same day, or on the ensuing Friday, the *muezin* or crier ascended the lofty turret, and proclaimed the *ezan*, or public invitation in the name of God and his prophet; the iman preached; and Mahomet the Second performed the *namaz* of prayer and thanksgiving on the great altar, where the Christian mysteries had so lately been celebrated before the last of the Cæsars.” “ In the new character of a mosch, the cathedral of St. Sophia was endowed with an ample revenue,* crowned with lofty minarets, and surrounded with groves and fountains, for the devotion and refreshment of the Moslems. The same model was imitated in the *jami* or royal moschs; and the first of these was built, by Mahomet himself, on the ruins of the church of the Holy Apostles and the tombs of the Greek emperors.”—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall.*

* Tournefort says, 800,000 livres—about 32,000*l.*

"A SOUPERA FROM THE EGYPTIAN
THEATRE IN VENICE."



SANTA SOPHIA,

FROM THE BOSPHORUS.

Drawn by D. Roberts, from a Sketch by R. Cockerell, A.R.A.

“ O Stamboul ! * * * * *
Though turbans now pollute Sophia’s shrine,
And Greece her very altars eyes in vain :
(Alas ! her woes will still pervade my strain !)
Gay were her minstrels once, for free her throng,
All felt the common joy they now must feign ;
Nor oft I’ve seen such sight, nor heard such song,
As woo’d the eye, and thrill’d the Bosphorus along.”

Childe Harold, canto ii. st. 79.

In Tournefort’s account of Constantinople, he says,
“ The mosques stand single, within a spacious enclosure
planted with fine trees, adorned with delicate fountains.
They suffer not a dog to enter; no one presumes to hold
discourse there, or do the least irreverent action; they
are well endowed, and far exceed ours in riches.

“ St. Sophia is the most perfect of all these mosques.
Its situation is advantageous, for it stands in one of the
best and finest parts of Constantinople, at the top of the
ancient Byzantium and of an eminence that descends
gradually down to the sea by the Point of the Seraglio.

SANTA SOPHIA.

This church, which is certainly the finest structure in the world next to St. Peter's at Rome,* looks to be very unwieldy without. The plan is almost square; and the dome, which is the only thing worth remarking, rests outwardly on four prodigious large towers, which have been added of late years to support this vast building and make it immovable, in a country where whole cities are often overthrown by earthquakes.—The villages whose revenues belong to the royal mosques have large privileges; their inhabitants are exempt from quartering soldiers, and from being oppressed by the bashaws, who, when they travel that way, turn aside.”

The most striking impression made by the first view of Constantinople arises from the peculiar character of its minarets and domes. When presented to the eye of a stranger, there is a novelty and a splendour in their Oriental appearance which leads the visitor to imagine that he is only dreaming of the scenes before him. Of its picturesque beauty as compared with Naples, Lord Byron was no judge, as he had never visited the latter city; many, however, who have seen both prefer Naples, and among them MacFarlane, who says, “a Claude Lorraine would, after the comparison, return with increased adoration to the southern parts of the Italian peninsula.”

* Tournefort was at Constantinople in 1702. St. Paul's was not then built.



Portrait of a man, seen in profile, facing left. He is wearing a light-colored shirt.

SPOLETO.

Drawn by J. D. Harding.

LORD BYRON, in his journey to Rome, passed through Spoleto; but he makes scarcely any other mention of it than in a note in the fourth canto of Childe Harold upon the Temple of Clitumnus, where he says, “No book of travels has omitted to expatiate on the Temple of the Clitumnus, between Foligno and Spoleto; and no site or scenery, even in Italy, is more worthy a description.” He once more mentions it in a letter to Mr. Murray, published in Moore’s Life of Byron, as one of the towns that he visited. Spoleto, anciently Spoletium, was colonised above five hundred years before Christ: according to Livy, it successfully opposed an attack of the Carthaginian army under Hannibal, in its march through Umbria after its victory at Thrasymene. The refusal of the people to surrender their city checked the advance of the Carthaginian general upon Rome, and Hannibal drew off his forces to Picenum. An inscription over the arch of an ancient gate commemorates this event, where the record

SPOLETO.

is still proudly pointed out by the inhabitants; and the gate bears the name of the Porto d'Annibale.

Spoletium ranked high among the cities of Italy. It suffered severely during the civil wars of Marius and Sylla. The city is situated upon the side and summit of a hill, and, externally, it is one of the most picturesque in Italy; but the remains of its celebrated aqueduct and citadel have no higher antiquity than Theodoric. Eustace says, "it was destroyed during the Gothic war, and rebuilt by Narses, the rival and successor to Belisarius." The aqueduct, crossing the deep and narrow valley which separates the hill upon which Spoleto is built from the general mass of the mountains, and serving both as a conduit and a bridge, rests upon a range of ten pointed arches of enormous height. Mr. Woods states the elevation at 250 feet, and Addison at 230 yards! In these discrepancies of travellers it will be fair to take the most probable—the former. Some of the arches have been divided into two—one over the other.

The citadel, an immense stone building surrounded with a stone rampart, crowns a lofty point overlooking the town. The cathedral is also in a commanding situation; it was raised by the Lombard dukes, but it presents now an anomalous appearance of Gothic arches, supported by Grecian columns, the incongruity of some modern Goth. Remains of Roman antiquity

SPOLETO.

are found at Spoleto, particularly a bridge that had lain buried for centuries. The torrent which it formerly crossed had long changed its course, and the situation of the bridge had been concealed under the detritus of the mountains. As an interesting object in landscape scenery, Spoleto is unrivalled: in almost every point of view it is picturesque, and the buildings which remain in commanding situations, raised by the Romans, the Goths, and the Lombards, are among its striking features. The castle, the gigantic aqueduct, the richly wooded side of the Monte Luco, speckled with villas and hermitages, the bridge and the river, are materials supplied here to the painter so profusely, and in such arrangement, that he has only to transfer to his canvass any view of Spoleto, and it becomes a beautiful picture.

Some years ago, the postmaster of Spoleto was the chief of a band of villains who infested Monte Somma, a ridge of the Appennines about four miles distant between Spoleto and Strettura, the next post station towards Rome. When travellers worth robbing arrived at his house, he contrived to detain them until he had summoned his brigands, and posted them at a certain spot, whence they made their attack: murder and violence often accompanied their robberies. At length, when the French were in possession of Italy, the strictness of their police, and the severity of their

SPOLETO.

punishments, which certainly followed detection, led to the destruction of this gang of bandits; and upon the discovery of the postmaster's connexion with them, he was seized, and shot in the market-place of Spoleto.





WILHELMINA
FROM THE COLLECTION OF C. MARSH

Photograph by E. H. H.

PRINTED IN U.S.A. BY THE NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS

PIAZZETTA,

VENICE.

Drawn by S. Prout.

— “ Venice, lost and won,
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence it rose !
Better be whelm'd beneath the waves, and shun,
Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

“ In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre,—
Her very by-word sprung from victory—
The “ Planter of the Lion,” which through fire
And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea ;
Though making many slaves, herself still free,
And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite !
Witness Troy's rival, Candia ! Vouch it, ye
Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight !
For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

“ Statues of glass—all shiver'd—the long file
Of her dead Doges are declined to dust ;
But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile
Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust ;

PIAZETTA.

Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
Have yielded to the stranger : empty halls,
Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
Too oft remind her who, and what enthralled,
Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice's lovely walls."

Childe Harold, canto iv.

"Venice pleases me as much as I expected, and I expected much. It is one of those places which I know before I see them, and has haunted me most, after the East. I like the gloomy gaiety of their gondolas, and the silence of their canals. I do not even dislike the evident decay of the city, though I regret the singularity of its vanished costume: however, there is much left still; the Carnival, too, is coming."

Letter to Mr. Murray, "Life of Lord Byron."

THE Piazetta is the state entrance to Venice from the sea, and extends to the church and the eastern end of the Place of St. Mark. In the view here given, the Ducal Palace, in all the grandeur of its massiveness, and all the topsy-turvy of its architectural character,—a vast incumbent structure upon an apparently very inadequate support,—appears on the left hand; and on the right, the Mint and the Library of St. Mark; beneath which are a range of shops under a colonnade, extending into and around the Place of St. Mark. In the foreground are the square marble pillars which Simond mentions as being covered with Syriac characters, upon

PIAZETTA.

which the gates of the city of Acre were once suspended. In the distance terminating the Piazetta, and parallel with the sea façade of the palace, are the two granite columns (thirty feet by eight, each in a single piece) which were brought to Venice in the early part of the twelfth century by the victorious doge, Dominico Micheli, on his return from Palestine. They were among the trophies which he took from some island in the Archipelago, where he had compelled the emperor of the East to respect the Venetian flag. In 1329, the Venetians placed upon one of these columns a statue of St. Theodore, anciently the patron saint of Venice, who afterwards lost his election, in opposition to St. Mark; when the senate, tired of their old protector, sought a new one. Upon the other was the bronze winged-lion—the companion of St. Mark, and the emblem of the new patron saint; a strange figure, which has been oddly compared, by Simond to “a colossal chimney-sweeper crawling out of a chimney-top.” This lion was removed by the French in the year 1797, and placed in the square of the Invalids; whence, after the events of 1815, it returned to its old station, overlooking the Adriatic. The object in the extreme distance of this view is the Porto Franco.

There is scarcely a spot in Venice which more powerfully recalls the eventful history of the republic than this: here is the seat of ducal power, whence issued the mandates of a senate which so greatly influenced

PIAZETTA.

the destinies of Europe in the middle ages; here are at once the trophies of this sea-queen, and the evidence of her subjugation. The history of Venice is one of the most interesting, except that of our own country, to which the political inquirer can turn his attention, and of which the "Sketches of Venetian History," recently published by Mr. Murray, is an admirable epitome. In it the origin and progress of its political existence are traced, and the immense resources of wealth and power derived from commerce by a people placed upon a spot so limited by Nature that she defied art greatly to extend it. The mud and sand-banks in the Lagunes, formed by the deposition of silt within the Lido, the natural breakwater of Venice, appear to have been inhabited by a few fishermen at a very early period, but they were unnoticed by the Romans, from their utter insignificance. In the fifth century, when the Huns under Attila overran the territory of ancient Venetia, many of the inhabitants took refuge on the flat islands along the coast, particularly within the Lagunes, and on that of Ripa-Alta, where the Rialto, the first foundation of Venice, was laid. From this place the inhabitants sent the salt of their islands, and fish from their seas, to the neighbouring continent; afterwards they became transporters of wine and oil from Istria to Ravenna; and finally, the carriers of the Adriatic. Their commerce produced wealth, their wealth importance. At this time they considered their

PIAZETTA.

sand-banks a portion of the Greek empire. When they became rich, however, they assumed independence, and established a form of government, of twelve tribunes and a chief magistrate, or doge. In the twelfth century the overwhelming power of the aristocracy arose, the authority of the doge became almost nominal, and the people lost all control in the ~~affairs~~ of the *republic*.

From this time its progress to great political importance was rapid beyond belief. One of its generals took and sacked Constantinople ; the coast, from Ragusa to the Hellespont, presented a chain of forts, towns, and factories, belonging to its nobles, and protected by the state ; Candia was purchased, the Ionian Islands and the Morea conquered, and the cities of Padua, Verona, Bergamo, and others, were acquired and annexed to the dominions of this—metropolis on a mud-bank. The trade of the Levant in the fifteenth century was entirely in the hands of the Venetians, through whom all the productions of the East passed into Europe ; and their commerce had become a source of power and splendour almost unknown in the history of other nations. With Vasco de Gama's discovery of the passage to the East by the Cape of Good Hope, in 1497, began the first decline of the source of Venetian greatness. Its accumulated resources, when it could not have its waste supplied, rapidly sunk, and its political influence withered. One colony after another was taken, or revolted from it, until, despoiled of its territory, and without

PIAZETTA.

respect at home or abroad, it fell, in 1797, into the fraternal hands of the French; after the events of 1816, however, it was restored to Austrian protection.

Forsyth says, that “ he found Venice just what he had imagined it to be from books and prints,”—if so, his was a singular anticipation; for one of the most common remarks made by travellers, upon their approaching Venice, or arriving there, is an expression of surprise that it is so unlike what they had expected. It is true, that the Bridge of the Rialto, the Place of Saint Mark, and the Ducal Palace, have been so often described and engraved, that they are instantly recognised; but, as a whole, no language has ever conveyed a just idea of this extraordinary city:—“ Every pre-conceived idea of Venice, it has been justly remarked, as a city or as a society, belongs to the imagination; and on beholding it the illusion is embodied, rather than dispelled. It is one of the few places that do not disappoint the expectation, because if some visionary anticipations are dispelled by the reality, there is still strangeness enough, and novelty, and gorgeousness, to sustain the mind to the same pitch of excitement. The moral interest of the scene comes in aid of the effect produced by the picture; and in gazing upon the majestic combination of former splendour and actual decay, ‘ we feel that we are reading a history.’ ”

Conder's Italy.



Drawn by A. Harlow

Engraved by H. F. Holt

MARGARITA COGNÉ.

BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC USE OF LITHOGRAPHY

MARGUERITA COGNI.

Drawn by the late G. H. Harlowe

“ I like the women, too, (forgive my folly),
From the rich peasant cheek of ruddy bronze,
And large black eyes, that flash on you a volley
Of rays, that say a thousand things at once,
To the high dama’s brow, more melancholy.

* * * *

They’ve pretty faces yet, these same Venetians,
Black eyes, arch’d brows, and sweet expressions still,
Such as of old were copied from the Grecians,
In ancient arts by moderns mimick’d ill.”

Beppo.

BENEATH the drawing is written, apparently, by
Lord Byron, with the chalk Harlowe had used;

Marguerita Cogni,
Veneziana di nascita.

This drawing was done at the request of G. G. Byron,
L. B.

G. H. H.

Venice, August 6, 1819

“ I wish you a good night,” Byron writes in a letter
to Moore, “ with a Venetian benediction, ‘ Benedetto”

MARGUERITA COGNI.

te, e la terra che ti farà!'—‘ May you be blessed, and the *earth* which you will *make!*’—is it not pretty? You would think it still prettier if you had heard it, as I did two hours ago, from the lips of a Venetian girl, with large black eyes, a face like Faustina’s, and the figure of a Juno—tall and energetic as a Pythoness, with eyes flashing, and her dark hair streaming in the moonlight—one of those women who may be made any thing. I am sure if I put a poniard into the hand of this one, she would plunge it where I told her,—and into *me*, if I offended her. I like this kind of animal, and am sure that I should have preferred Medea to any woman that ever breathed. You may, perhaps, wonder that I don’t in that case. I could have forgiven the dagger or the bowl—any thing—but the deliberate desolation piled upon me, when I stood alone upon my hearth, with my household gods shivered around me. * * * Do you suppose I have forgotten or forgiven it? It has comparatively swallowed up in me every other feeling, and I am only a spectator upon earth, till a tenfold opportunity offers. It may come yet. There are others more to be blamed than * * *, and it is on these that my eyes are fixed unceasingly.”

It would certainly be difficult to conjecture whereabouts, in the portrait, lies any evidence of her termagant character. Lavater himself would fail to find

MARGUERITA COGNI.

any thing in the countenance which bespoke the virago Lord Byron described her to have been. Of this he was sensible himself; for, in a letter to Mr. Murray, he said: " If you choose to make a print from the Venetian, you may; but she don't correspond at all with the character you mean to represent." The print alluded to was made, but never published.

In speaking of the Venetian women, Lord Byron, in one of his letters, remarks, that " the beauty for which they were once so celebrated is no longer now to be found among the ' Dame,' or higher orders, but all under the ' fazzioli,' or kerchiefs, of the lower. It was, unluckily, among these latter specimens of the ' bel sangue' of Venice that he now, by a suddenness of descent in the scale of refinement, for which nothing but the present wayward state of his mind can account, chose to select the companions of his disengaged hours; —and an additional proof that, in this short, daring career of libertinism, he was but desperately seeking relief for a wronged and mortified spirit, and

' What to us seem'd guilt might be but woe,' --

is that, more than once, of an evening, when his house has been in the possession of such visitants, he has been known to hurry away in his gondola, and pass the greater part of the night upon the water, as if hating to

MARGUERITA COGNI.

return to his home. It is, indeed, certain, that to this least defensible portion of his whole life, he always looked back, during the short remainder of it, with painful self-reproach; and among the causes of the detestation which he afterwards felt for Venice, this recollection of the excesses to which he had there abandoned himself was not the least prominent.

“ The most distinguished and, at last, the reigning favourite of all this unworthy harem was a woman named Marguerita Cogni, who has been already mentioned in one of these letters, and who, from the trade of her husband, was known by the title of the Fornarina. A portrait of this handsome virago, drawn by Harlowe when at Venice, having fallen into the hands of one of Lord Byron’s friends after the death of that artist, the noble poet, on being applied to for some particulars of his heroine, wrote a long letter on the subject, from which the following are extracts:—

“ ‘ Since you desire the story of Marguerita Cogni, you shall be told it, though it may be lengthy.

“ ‘ Her face is the fine Venetian cast of the old time; her figure, though perhaps too tall, is not less fine—and taken altogether in the national dress.

“ ‘ In the summer of 1817, **** and myself were sauntering on horseback along the Brenta one evening, when, amongst a group of peasants, we remarked two girls as the prettiest we had seen for some time. About

MARGUERITA COGNI.

this period there had been great distress in the country, and I had a little relieved some of the people. Generosity makes a great figure at very little cost in Venetian livres, and mine had probably been exaggerated as an Englishman's. Whether they remarked us looking at them or no, I know not; but one of them called out to me in Venetian, 'Why do not you, who relieve others, think of us also?' I turned round and answered her, 'Cara, tu sei troppo bella e giovane per aver' bisogna del' soccorso mio.' She answered, 'If you saw my hut and my food, you would not say so.' All this passed half jestingly, and I saw no more of her for some days.

" " A few evenings after, we met with these two girls again, and they addressed us more seriously, assuring us of the truth of their statement. They were cousins; Marguerita married, the other single. As I doubted still of the circumstances, I took the business in a different light, and made an appointment with them for the next evening. In short, in a few evenings we arranged our affairs, and for a long space of time she was the only one who preserved over me an ascendancy which was often disputed, and never impaired.

" " The reasons of this were, firstly, her person;—very dark, tall, the Venetian face, very fine black eyes. She was two-and-twenty years old, * * *. She was, besides, a thorough Venetian in her dialect, in her

MARGUERITA COGNI.

thoughts, in her countenance, in every thing, with all their *naïveté* and pantaloon humour. Besides, she could neither read nor write, and could not plague me with letters,—except twice that she paid sixpence to a public scribe, under the piazza, to make a letter for her, upon some occasion when I was ill and could not see her. In other respects, she was somewhat fierce and ‘*prepotente*,’ that is, overbearing, and used to walk in whenever it suited her, with no very great regard to time, place, nor persons; and if she found any women in her way, she knocked them down. * * *

“ ‘ When I came to Venice for the winter, she followed; and as she found herself out to be a favourite, she came to me pretty often. But she had inordinate self-love, and was not tolerant of other women. At the ‘Cavalchina,’ the masked ball on the last night of the carnival, where all the world goes, she snatched off the mask of Madame Contarini, a lady noble by birth, and decent in conduct, for no other reason, but because she happened to be leaning on my arm. You may suppose what a cursed noise this made; but this is only one of her pranks.

“ ‘ At last she quarrelled with her husband, and one evening ran away to my house. I told her this would not do; she said she would lie in the street, but not go back to him; that he beat her (the gentle tigress!), spent her money, and scandalously neglected her. As

MARGUERITA COGNI.

it was midnight, I let her stay, and next day there was no moving her at all. Her husband came, roaring and crying, and entreating her to come back :—*not* she! He then applied to the police, and they applied to me: I told them and her husband to *take* her—I did not want her; she had come, and I could not fling her out of the window; but they ~~right~~ conduct her through that or the door if they chose it. She went before the commissary, but was obliged to return with that ‘becco ettico,’ as she called the poor man, who had a phthisic. In a few days she ran away again. After a precious piece of work, she fixed herself in my house, really and truly without my consent; but owing to my indolence, and not being able to keep my countenance, for if I began in a rage, she always finished by making me laugh with some Venetian pantaloony or another; and the gipsy knew this well enough, as well as her other powers of persuasion, and exerted them with the usual tact and success of all she-things; high and low, they are all alike for that.

“ ‘ Madame Benzoni also took her under her protection, and then her head turned. She was always in extremes, either crying or laughing, and so fierce when angered, that she was the terror of men, women, and children—for she had the strength of an Amazon, with the temper of Medea. She was a fine animal, but quite untameable. *I* was the only person that could

MARGUERITA COGNI.

at all keep her in any order, and when she saw me really angry (which they tell me is a savage sight), she subsided. But she had a thousand fooleries. In her fazziole, the dress of the lower orders, she looked beautiful ; but, alas ! she longed for a hat and feathers ; and all I could say or do (and I said much) could not prevent this travestie. I put the first into the fire ; but I got tired of burning them before she did of buying them, so that she made herself a figure—for they did not at all become her.

“ ‘ Then she would have her gowns with a *tail*—like a lady, forsooth ; nothing would serve her but ‘ l’ abita colla *coua*,’ or *cua*, (that is the Venetian for ‘ la *cola*,’ the tail or train,) and as her cursed pronunciation of the word made me laugh, there was an end of all controversy, and she dragged this diabolical tail after her every where.

“ ‘ In the mean time, she beat the women, and stopped my letters. I found her one day pondering over one. She used to try to find out by their shape whether they were feminine or no ; and she used to lament her ignorance, and actually studied her alphabet, on purpose (as she declared) to open all letters addressed to me and read their contents.

“ ‘ I must not omit to do justice to her housekeeping qualities. After she came into my house as ‘ donna di governo,’ the expenses were reduced to less than

MARGUERITA COGNI.

half, and every body did their duty better—the apartments were kept in order, and every thing and every body else, except herself.

“ ‘ That she had a sufficient regard for me in her wild way, I had many reasons to believe. I will mention one. In the autumn, one day, going to the Lido with my gondoliers, we were overtaken by a heavy squall, and the gondola put in peril—hats blown away, boat filling, oar lost, tumbling sea, thunder, rain in torrents, night coming, and wind unceasing. On our return, after a tight struggle, I found her on the open steps of the Mocenigo palace, on the Grand Canal, with her great black eyes flashing through her tears, and the long dark hair, which was streaming, drenched with rain, over her brows and breast. She was perfectly exposed to the storm; and the wind blowing her hair and dress about her thin tall figure, and the lightning flashing round her, and the waves rolling at her feet, made her look like Medea alighted from her chariot, or the Sibyl of the tempest that was rolling around her, the only living thing within hail at that moment except ourselves. On seeing me safe, she did not wait to greet me, as might have been expected, but calling out to me—‘ Ah! can’ della Madonne, xe esto il tempo per andar’ al’ Lido?’ (Ah! dog of the Virgin, is this a time to go to Lido?), ran into the house, and solaced herself with scolding the boatmen for not fore-

MARGUERITA COGNI.

seeing the "temporale." I am told by the servants that she had only been prevented from coming in a boat to look after me, by the refusal of all the gondoliers of the canal to put off into the harbour in such a moment; and that then she sat down on the steps in all the thickest of the squall, and would neither be removed nor comforted. Her joy at seeing me again was moderately mixed with ferocity, and gave me the idea of a tigress over her recovered cubs.

" But her reign drew near a close. She became quite ungovernable some months after, and a concurrence of complaints, some true, and many false—"a favourite has no friends"—determined me to part with her. I told her quietly that she must return home (she had acquired a sufficient provision for herself and mother, &c. in my service), and she refused to quit the house. I was firm, and she went threatening knives and revenge. I told her that I had seen knives drawn before her time, and that if she chose to begin, there was a knife, and fork also, at her service on the table, and that intimidation would not do. The next day, while I was at dinner, she walked in (having broken open a glass door that led from the hall below to the staircase, by way of prologue), and advancing straight up to the table, snatched the knife from my hand, cutting me slightly in the thumb in the operation. Whether she meant to use this against herself or me,

MARGUERITA COGNI.

I know not—probably against neither—but Fletcher seized her by the arms, and disarmed her. I then called my boatmen, and desired them to get the gondola ready, and conduct her to her own house again, seeing carefully that she did herself no mischief by the way. She seemed quite quiet, and walked down stairs. I resumed my dinner.

“ ‘ We heard a great noise, and went out, and met them on the staircase, carrying her up stairs. She had thrown herself into the canal. That she intended to destroy herself, I do not believe; but when we consider the fear women and men who can’t swim have of deep or even of shallow water, (and the Venetians in particular, though they live on the waves,) and that it was also night, and dark, and very cold, it shews that she had a devilish spirit of some sort within her. They had got her out without much difficulty or damage, excepting the salt water she had swallowed, and the wetting she had undergone.

“ ‘ I foresaw her intention to refix herself, and sent for a surgeon, inquiring how many hours it would require to restore her from her agitation; and he named the time. I then said, ‘ I give you that time, and more if you require it; but at the expiration of this prescribed period, if *she* does not leave the house, *I* will.’

“ ‘ All my people were consternated. They had always been frightened at her, and were now para-

MARGUERITA COGNI.

lysed : they wanted me to apply to the police, to guard myself, &c. &c., like a pack of snivelling servile boobies as they were. I did nothing of the kind, thinking that I might as well end that way as another ; besides, I had been used to savage women, and knew their ways.

“ ‘ I forgot to mention that she was very devout, and would cross herself if she heard the prayer-time strike.

“ ‘ I had her sent home quietly after her recovery, and never saw her since, except twice at the opera, at a distance, amongst the audience. She made many attempts to return, but no more violent ones. And this is the story of Marguerita Cogni, as far as it relates to me.’ ”

Moore's Life of Byron.



VERONA.

Drawn by W. Calcott, R.A.

“ I have been over Verona. The Amphitheatre is wonderful—beats even Greece.”

Letter to Moore, “Life of Byron.”

“ THERE is, perhaps, no other city in northern Italy which, upon the whole, unites so much that is interesting in its situation, its antiquities, and the recollections associated with it, as Verona. The birth-place of Cattullus, of Vitruvius, of Cornelius Nepos, of Pliny the naturalist, of Paul Veronese, of Scaliger, of Maffei, of Pindemonte, and other illustrious men of ancient and modern days, it possesses a strong historic interest; while our own Shakespeare has peopled it with imaginary beings, not less palpably defined to the fancy than the shades of the historic dead. It is thus felt, at least by an Englishman, to be at once classic and romantic ground; nor does the tomb of Pepin, nor even the arch of Gallienus, waken a stronger interest than the supposed tomb of Juliet. Evelyn was highly

VERONA.

delighted with Verona; and, in his opinion, the city deserves all the eulogies with which Scaliger has honoured it." "The situation," he says, "is the most delightful I ever saw; it is so sweetly mixed with rising ground and valleys, so elegantly planted with trees, on which Bacchus seems riding, as it were, in triumph every autumn, for the vines reach from tree to tree. Here, of all places that I have seen in Italy, would I fix my residence." — *Conder's Italy*.

To the above list of distinguished Veronesi are to be added the emperors Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian; and it is believed, that during the reign of the latter, about the end of the first century, the Amphitheatre of Verona was erected. The ruins of this fine structure are so well preserved, that it supplies the deficiencies of the Colosseum and the Amphitheatre at Nismes, and enables the architect and antiquarian perfectly to understand the structure of buildings of this class. It is, with the exception of the former, the largest amphitheatre of which the dimensions can be traced: as it now remains, it is capable of holding twenty-three thousand persons on forty-three tiers of seats, which surround the arena. From the upper seats, this space, though an oval of two hundred and eighteen feet by one hundred and twenty-nine, appears much less than it really measures. A modern theatre has been fitted up in the arena, and the seats facing the proscenium

VERONA.

have been barricaded off. Here, occasionally, there are dramatic pieces performed,—a practice introduced by the French, who, when they were at Verona, repaired and cleared out the arena. As early as the thirteenth century its preservation had become an object of public attention, when it was used as a place of judicial combats; and in the fifteenth, penalties were decreed against wilful dilapidations. When the Emperor Joseph visited Verona, a bull-fight was, in honour of the event, given in the Amphitheatre; and, upon another occasion, it was made the scene of prostration—mind and body—of an immense concourse assembled to meet the Pope, who, on his passage through Verona, received there the homage of the multitude.

The Veronesi accuse the French, as modern Huns or Lombards, of having built the wooden theatre in the arena, where its gladiatorial glories have been degenerated to farces and pantomimes; but there is nothing to regret in this change, since these exhibitions are infinitely less savage and more amusing. In 1822, the author saw a comedy of Goldoui's performed there.

The approach to the Amphitheatre is through a miserable old clothes shop; and other external parts of the building are appropriated as shops for shoemakers and cabinet-makers. In one of these, geological specimens were offered for sale, and among them, the fish and plants found embedded in the shale of Monte Bolca

VERONA.

— a mountain about fifteen miles from Verona, celebrated among naturalists for its richness in the quantity and variety of its fossil productions.

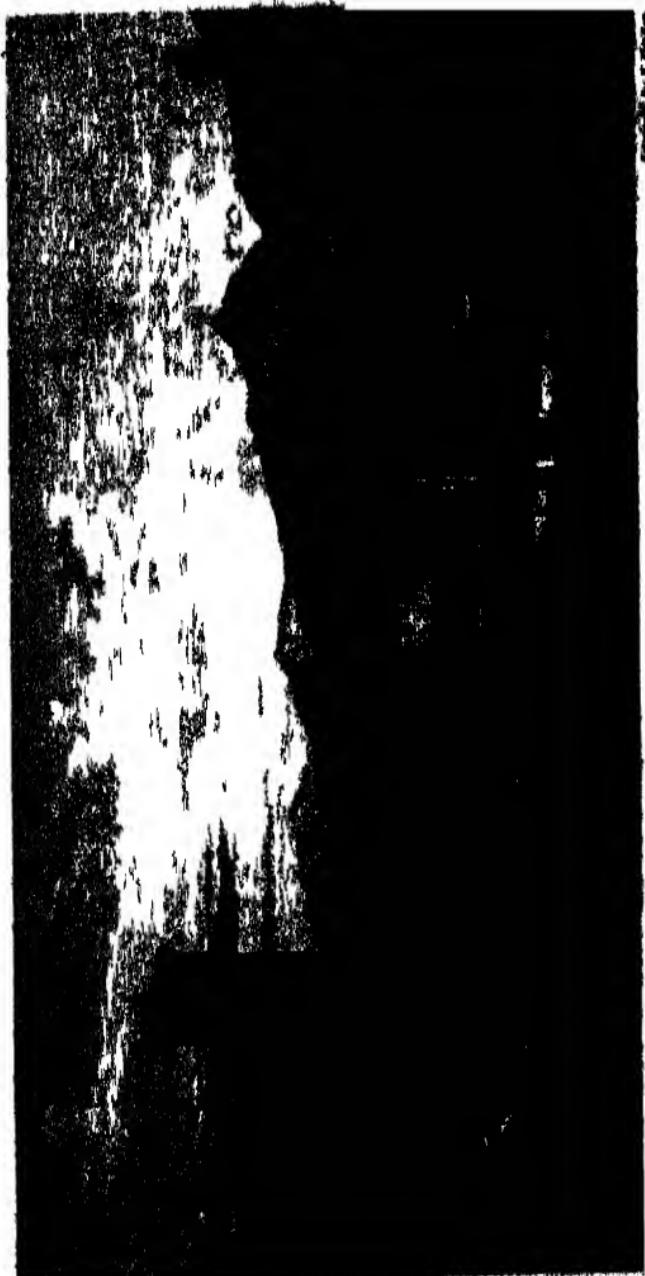
Besides the amphitheatre, there are other Roman antiquities, but not of much interest. Of the remains of the middle ages, the tomb of Pepin, the father of Charlemagne, is pointed out to travellers; but the most strikingly picturesque objects in Verona are the tombs of the Scaligers, sovereign princes of Verona, which stand in a small enclosure in one of the public streets. They have in part been made known in England by Mr. Prout's drawings. They are six in number, though only three are very remarkable for their Gothic architecture. All are distinguished by the armorial bearings of the family—the eagle and scaling ladder. Forsyth says:—"The tombs of the Scaliger princes are models of the most elegant Gothic—light, open, spiry, full of statues caged in their fretted niches; yet, slender as they seem, these tombs have stood entire for five hundred years, in a public street, the frequent theatre of sedition." But they certainly are not "models of the most elegant Gothic," or if they are, our beautiful Gothic crosses are not to be judged by the same principles of architecture or taste. Their structure gives no promise of their durability, and the ornaments and arrangements are as fantastical as they are exuberant.

VERONA.

There is one object of particular interest, which all English travellers visit, and wish to be true—the tomb of Juliet. Lord Byron, in a letter to Moore, dated Verona, writes : “ Of the truth of Juliet’s story they seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact, giving a date (1303), and shewing a tomb. It is a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventional garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love. I have brought away a few pieces of the granite to give to my daughter and my nieces.” He adds : “ Since my arrival at Venice, the lady of the Austrian ambassador told me, that between Verona and Vicenza there are still ruins of the castle of *Montecchi*, and a chapel once belonging to the Capulets. Romeo seems to have been of Vicenza by the tradition ; but I was a good deal surprised to find so firm a faith in Bandello’s novel, which seems really to have been founded on a fact.” The sarcophagus has been used as a water-trough, and a hole has been made in it for the plug. Within the hollow at one end a ledge has been left, evidently as a resting-place for the head of the cold occupant. This form removes any doubt that it was made as a tenement for the dead. The material is a reddish compact limestone. The dilapidating rage of the visitors is now checked by order of the Austrian

VERONA.

government; and the integrity of the old custoda who shews it, has a higher price than formerly. She always relates to them the history of the "famous lovers," and her tale agrees with Shakespeare's. Here, in Verona, we feel at home. The city has been peopled by the "master-spirit" of our country, with beings, which, if they had no existence but from his imagination, can never die. Here Shakespeare laid some of his scenes; and the visitors who have fancy, can restore to its streets the brawlers of the rival families of the Capelli and Montecchi — the Anglicised names are better—the Capulets and the Montagues—for with these we associate Romeo and Mercutio, and the gentle and confiding Juliet—one so young, so beautiful, and so fearless in her first and only love, that she dared become a living inhabitant of the tomb, and through this murky state of semblant death, seek her only happiness on earth—the society of him to whom alone her heart was devoted. This is the source of an Englishman's feelings at Verona—that her tale of deep interest is immortalised in the language of his country.



ENTOMOLOGIC LABORATORY

BELLAGIO,

LAKE OF COMO.

Drawn by H. Gastensau.

“ I have seen the finest parts of Switzerland — the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Swiss and Italian lakes ; for the beauties of which I refer you to the Guide-Book.”

Letter to Moore, “ Life of Byron.”

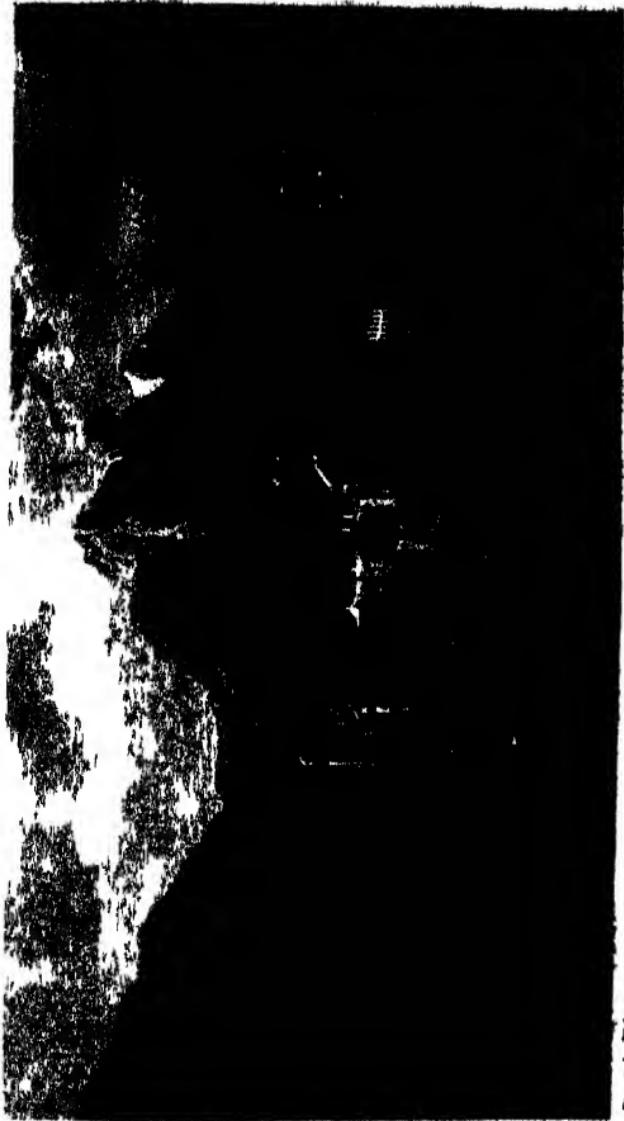
The beautiful scenery of the Lake of Como has rendered it, to travellers in pursuit of the picturesque, one of the most attractive of the northern lakes of Italy. Villas on its banks and headlands, commanding the most delicious views, are in their turn objects which give a sparkling brilliancy to the deep-shored character of this lake, far more than that of any other which is skirted by the Leontine, or Rhetian Alps. The views on the Lago Maggiore are more extensive ; but the shores of the Lago di Como are the abrupt bases of mountains, which rise from its waters richly clothed in forests of walnut and chestnut-trees. Surrounding the spots of table-land upon which its villas, villages, and cottages rest, are gardens, orchards, and olive-grounds.

BELLAGIO.

At every successive point which the sinuosity of the lake offers, scenes of exceeding richness are presented, especially in situations where the summits of the lofty mountains which bound the lake on the side of the Alps are seen, some of them rising to the height of seven or eight thousand feet.

The Comasques, as the borderers of the lake are called, emigrate from their beautiful country when boys; and a few, who, after many years of struggle in the world, of privation and difficulty, have realised by prudence and economy a little fortune, return to spend the winter of their life amidst the scenes of their childhood. England, France, and America are the countries to which they emigrate. They are the itinerant vendors of plaster casts, looking-glasses, and barometers.

"Stay with us," said the innkeeper of Caddenabia, a little village opposite Bellagio, one who had been himself a barometer-maker in London—"Stay till festa (Sunday), and you will see many rich old men come down from the villages to my house, for the chance of seeing English travellers, and the pleasure of talking of their former residence in England." The extensive emigration of the Comasques, leaving only a few old men who have returned, and numerous children too young to go forth, gives a peculiar character to the population, which I remarked to our innkeeper. "I understand you," he said; "we have plenty of young priests."



THEME OF SYMPTOM

Reviewed by R. G. Johnson

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THE SIMPLON, VILLAGE.

Drawn by H. Gastineau.

“ The Simplon is magnificent in its nature and its art. Both God and man have done wonders — to say nothing of the devil, who certainly must have had a hand (or a hoof) in some of the rocks and ravines, through some of which the works are carried.”

Letter to Mr. Murray, “Life of Byron.”

THE village of Simplon, the subject of this view, is situated in the immediate neighbourhood of some grand Alpine scenery, particularly the glaciers of the Rosboden. The mountains which appear over the village are those whose bases bound the southern side of the deep ravine of the Dovedro, into which the road descends at a short distance only from Simplon. The village is most conveniently situated, nearly dividing the distance between Brigg and Domod’ Osola. At one time the hostess of the inn there had so bad a name among the English for extortion and violence, that she was the subject of abuse from those who had suffered, or those who extended her

THE SIMPLON.

bad name from report; and the walls and windows of the inns from Geneva to Milan were scrawled with deggerel cautions to avoid her house. How far she deserved it, let the following story tell. The author, having left Domo d' Ossola for Brigg too late in the day to proceed beyond the village of Simplon that night, entered the inn with no very great expectation of good accommodation. The landlady, rather a bluff personage, met him, and he was shewn into a comfortable chamber. She asked at what price he would dine—at three, or four, or five francs? He said, “I am very hungry and fatigued; send me a good dinner.” It was excellent. Delicious soup; trout, chicken, game, fine fruit from the Italian side, good wine, and many *et ceteras*, were served. In the morning, he found four francs only were charged in the bill. He records the comfort and civility he received there, in justice to one who had been misrepresented.

The situation of the village is most favourable for rest, and for the aid of travellers who have been overtaken by storms, and exposed to their terrors and dangers. A story is related of the situation of a party under General Turreau, when engaged in the survey of the line of road. He was on his return, with some of his officers, from Brigg to his head-quarters at Domo d' Ossola, the snow fell abundantly, and violent and freezing gusts from the north-west raised the snow in

THE SIMPLON.

whirlwinds, and so filled the atmosphere as almost to suffocate the travellers. The general fell three times, in spite of the aid he received from those about him. At length some peasants, who had been hired to assist them, declared it to be absolutely necessary that they should find their way back to Brigg, rather than attempt to proceed. But two of the engineers, who were a few feet only in advance, could not, in the storm and obscurity, be made acquainted with the order for return. They soon afterwards found that the rest of the party were not following ; and having waited a short time, they became alarmed, and felt that their only chance of safety was to proceed. Fortunately two peasants were with them, or they must inevitably have perished. After six hours' struggle, they had the good fortune to arrive in safety, though dreadfully exhausted, at the village of Simplon, a distance of not more than two leagues from where they had parted from their companions. The snow to which they were exposed was so hard, and in such fine grains, having no adherence to each other, that when the travellers fell, which was very often, they disappeared in it, and their situation was only distinguished by the movement communicated in their struggles to the surface, whence they were extricated by their companions. On arriving at the village of Simplon, they found that the snow had, like fine dust, insinuated itself into every interstice of their clothes,

THE SIMPLON.

and, coming in contact with their body, had at first partly melted, and then frozen again with the increased cold of the night, which overtook them before their arrival, so that the masses were taken from them like casts from a mould. Yet, in their sufferings, they were insensible of this till the end of their perilous journey.

The early history of the pass of the Simplon is involved in much obscurity, and nothing certain is known even of the origin of its name. Its future importance will be referred to Napoleon only, under whose orders the present road was constructed.

The new route of the Simplon was, in its intention and execution, a military work. It was determined upon immediately after the battle of Marengo, whilst the difficulties of the passage of the Great St. Bernard, and the almost fatal check of Fort Bard were fresh in the recollection of Napoleon. It was executed between 1800 and 1807, under the direction of M. Ceard, the engineer-in-chief of the department of Leman, by whom the route was carried on and completed. It now exhibits one of the most extraordinary and daring achievements of man.

CHANGJUN



CHAMOUNI.

Drawn by J. D. Harding, from a Sketch by W. Page

“ Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains ;
They crown’d him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.
Around his waist are forests braced,
The avalanche in his hand ;
But ere it fall, that thundering ball
Must pause for my command.

The Glacier’s cold and restless mass
Moves onward day by day ;
But I am he who bids it pass,
Or with its ice delay.”

Manfred.

“ Chamouni, and that which it inherits, we saw a month ago ;
but though Mont Blanc is higher, it is not equal in
wildness to the Jungfrau.”

Moore’s Life of Byron.

LORD BYRON’s excursion in Savoy and Switzerland
with Mr. Hobhouse, gave him access to scenery, and
stored his mind with impressions from these grand and

CHAMOÙNI.

mighty sources of the sublime, that burst from him, with all the splendour and glory with which his genius could enrich them, in his "Manfred," and in the third canto of "Childe Harold."

— “ Above us are the Alps —
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow !
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below ! ”

Chamouni, from the immense number of its English visitors, appears to be a goal the next in *ton*, among Tooley-street travellers, to Paris ; and at Victor Tairrez's excellent inn, the Hôtel de Londres, at Chamouni, it is a common question, upon hearing so distinctly the sound of Bow bells in half the words uttered — what can have brought these people here ? *N'importe*, they are there ; and it is a peculiar characteristic of the English, that in the books kept for the insertion of the names of travellers, nine out of ten of them are plain *Mr. Smith* or *Mr. Brown* ; whilst the German, Italian, or French names generally have the addition of *Graf*, *Marchese*, or *Comte*.

CHAMOUNI.

Lord Byron was struck with an exclamation of one of the *Smiths*, when he says in his journal, " I remember at Chamouni, in the very eyes of Mont Blanc, hearing a woman exclaim in *English* to her party, ' Did you ever see any thing more *rural*? '—as if it was Highgate, or Hampstead, or Brompton. ' Rural ! ' quotha,—rocks, pines, torrents, glaciers, clouds, and summits of eternal snow far above them—and ' rural ! ' " But it will be quite fair to relate, that even in Lord Byron's own party, his faithful valet Fletcher, one who had had twenty years of observation with him amidst the scenes and among the objects whence his master drew his inspirations, yet never learnt to view them with a very refined emotion ; for one day, in the Acropolis, when accompanying Lord Byron, who was observing attentively the metopes of the Parthenon, he said, " La ! what mantel-pieces they would make, my Lord ! "

But the great concourse of visitors to Chamouni may be accounted for by the fact, that the facilities of travelling are now so great, that with the sacrifice of a little more time it is of easy attainment ; the accommodations are as good as those in England ; and the point arrived at, Chamouni is not only the nearest to the great chain of the Alps, but it is in immediate proximity with the loftiest of the range ; and no spot affords, within the accomplishment of a day's ramble, any excursions which will conduct to

CHAMOUNI.

scenes more grand, or beautiful, or interesting, than those around Chamouni. The French diligences, by Lyons or by Dole, conduct to Geneva in four days; and now, by the improvements of the mountain-road to Chamouni, the journey from Geneva is made, in a light carriage, in a day. There are three inns in the village, all good—the Hôtel de Londres excellent. Here every English comfort may be had, and all the regulations for the hire of mules and guides are so made, as to insure the greatest civility and attention, at such fixed charges that all disputes are avoided. Then the high spirits and good health which are drawn in with the mountain air, the excitement of adventure, and sound sleep after fatigue, leave the visitor to Chamouni impressed with the conviction, that the recollections of his visit there are among the most delightful in his memory.

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THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

London, Published June 2^d 1816 by John Murray and sold by C. D. O. & Son.



CASTLE OF CHILLON.

Drawn by J. D. Harding, from a Sketch by W. Page.

“ Lake Leman lies by Chillon’s walls ;
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow ;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon’s snow-white battlement
Which round about the wave enthrals :
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave.”

Prisoner of Chillon.

Went to Chillon, through scenery worthy of I know not whom ; went over the Castle of Chillon.”—“ Went again as far as Chillon to revisit the little torrent from the hill behind it. Mem. The corporal who shewed the wonders of Chillon was as drunk as Blucher, and (to my mind) as great a man ; he was deaf also, and thinking every one else so, roared out the legends of the castle so fearfully that I got out of humour. However, we saw things from the gallows to the dungeons (the *potence* and the *cachots*), and returned to Clarens with more freedom than belonged to the fifteenth century.”

Extract from Lord Byron’s Journal.

CASTLE OF CHILLON.

"THE Château of Chillon," says Lord Byron, in a note, "is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve, which last is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva ; on its left are the entrances of the Rhone, and opposite are the heights of Meillerie, and the range of Alps above Bôveret and St. Gingo. Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent ; below it, washing its walls, the lake has been fathomed to the depth of eight hundred feet (French measure) : within it are a range of dungeons, in which the early reformers, and subsequently prisoners of state, were confined. Across one of the vaults is a beam, black with age, on which we were informed that the condemned were formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars, or rather eight, one being half-merged in the wall ; in some of these are rings for the fetters and the fettered ; in the pavement, the steps of Bonnivard have left their traces—he was confined here several years."

Simond, in his "Journal of a Tour in Switzerland," gives, in his amusing and peculiar way, a sketch of Chillon. He says :

"Chillon, a mile and half beyond Clarens, is a dull, heavy castle, built on a flat rock into the water, and almost touching the shore, with which a short wooden bridge, or platform, connects it. It is garrisoned by a few lazy soldiers, one of whom, acting as cicerone, led us to the celebrated dungeon, said to be

CASTLE OF CHILLON.

under the level of the lake. Comparing the level of the *loop-hole grates*, where captives weep, above the water's edge from the outside, and above the rocky floor inside, I remained satisfied the latter was something above the former; particularly when I observed a hollow place full of water, which must come from the lake, and would rise above the floor of the dungeon if it really was lower than the level of the lake. It grieves me to contradict poets, or picturesque and sentimental travellers; but really the dungeon of Chillon is not under water; and, besides, is absolutely a comfortable sort of dungeon enough, full forty feet long, fifteen or twenty feet wide, and fifteen feet high, with several narrow slits into the thick wall above reach, but admitting air and light, and even some rays of the sun. A row of stone pillars divides it; to one of them an iron ring is fastened, and looks much rubbed; it is marked by tradition as the place where poor Bonnivard was chained for six long years; yet another tradition points out the track worn into the rocky floor by his walking to and fro all that time: which of them is to be believed, I do not know.* Many

* Simond's tenderness to poets will win no credit for him here, for the error is his own. In the "Prisoner of Chillon" these accounts are not contradictory. In the early part of Bonnivard's captivity, he says,

"They chained us each to a column stone,
We could not move a single pace."

CASTLE OF CHILLON.

travellers, mostly English, have engraved their names on this pillar, and among them Lord Byron's is conspicuous. Another dungeon, not more than ten feet square, opens into the large one, by a breach in the wall made by a prisoner, who attempted making his escape, but could not get farther than the outer dungeon—was retaken, and ultimately put to death here, after a long confinement! He must have been a man of education, judging from his drawings on the wall, much in the style of Raphael's age. These are horrors for poets, which may, I trust, make up for those of which I have attempted to deprive them. One whiskered cicerone could not give us any more particulars about the tragical end of the prisoner, nor say who he was, nor tell his name; but when we inquired about the time, he boldly said, *Monsieur, il y a mille ans!* Another soldier, who held the candle, observing our look of incredulity, corrected his companion, and said, *Ha! que non: Il y a cinq cent ans!*—therefore the story is not quite clear yet for historians, although for poets it may do. On the wall outside the château,

But after the death of his brothers,

“ A kind of change came o'er my fate,
My keeper grew compassionate
—— My broken chain
With links unfastened did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side ”

CASTLE OF CHILLON.

towards the lake, the words *Liberté et Patrie* were inscribed in gigantic letters, with the date 1815, instead of the Bernese arms, which were there before the Revolution. Somehow, I always suspect, where *liberty and country* are *thus ostentatiously thrust forward*, that there is very little of the one, and that the other is in considerable danger; yet I believe it does not apply to the Canton de Vaud, and that the inscription is only a flourish, in imitation of the old revolutionary style of France; at any rate, I was sorry to see the style of 1793 in so recent an inscription."

These last conjectures of Simond's are neither clear enough for poets nor historians. However recently the *Liberté et Patrie* may have been painted, it is the motto of the canton, and borne upon the shield of the Pays de Vaud. Their liberty and country were both derived from the French; for the Pays de Vaud, after its possession by the Romans, formed part of the dependencies of the Burgundians and the Franks prior to 1273, when it was conquered by Duke Peter of Savoy, whose successors were dispossessed of it by the Bernois in 1536. These governed it by their baillies until 1798, when 50,000 Frenchmen, after a bloody fraternization, gave them a separate existence under the name of the Canton of Leman; but in 1803 their ancient name of Vaud was restored to them; and they have ever since retained their existence as a separate canton, with their motto, *Liberté et Patrie*.



Figure 1. A photograph of a wall at the site of the first test.

GENEVA.

Drawn by J. D. Harding, from a Sketch by W. Page.

“ From Brussels the noble traveller pursued his course along the Rhine,—a line of road which he has strewed over with all the riches of poesy; and, arriving at Geneva, took up his abode at the well-known hotel Sécheron.”

Moore’s Life of Byron.

LORD BYRON, having passed through the scenes which inspired the third canto of “ Childe Harold,” reached Geneva in June 1816. After visiting all the places of interest around the lake, he set out on the 17th of September, with Mr. Hobhouse, for the Oberland Bernois. This excursion stored his mind with impressions which subsequently burst from him in those passages of unrivalled splendour which make his “ Manfred” and fourth canto of “ Childe Harold” so pre-eminent. A most interesting account of this excursion is preserved in a fragment of his journal kept during his absence, and published in Moore’s “ Life of Byron.” It concludes with the following melancholy passage:—
“ In the weather for this tour (of thirteen days) I have

GENEVA.

been very fortunate—fortunate in my companion (Mr. H.), fortunate in our prospects, and exempt from even the little petty accidents and delays which often render journeys in a less wild country disappointing. I was disposed to be pleased. I am a lover of nature and an admirer of beauty. I can bear fatigue and welcome privation, and have seen some of the noblest views in the world. But in all this—the recollection of bitterness, and more especially of recent and more home desolation, which must accompany me through life, have preyed upon me here; and neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity in the majesty, the power, and the glory, around, above, and beneath me.” After his return to Geneva, he remained there until he left it finally for Italy on the 9th of October.

If, in the midst of the varied scenes of the Bernese Alps, Lord Byron could not forget his heart’s desolation, he was not likely to part with his remembrance of it at Geneva—for there is little diversity in a residence here. The scenes around it are known to be of singular beauty; and if such could “minister to a mind diseased,” they would restore it to peace. Excursions on the lake and to Chamouni, and the tour of Mont Blanc,

GENEVA.

are enjoyments accessible to the visitor at Geneva ; and if too much invalidated for journeys which would occupy two or three days, in excursions of a few hours, or even an hour, it would take some time to exhaust the novelty of those around Geneva. The spot whence the view is taken is not half an hour's drive from the city, and few travellers fail to visit it. Geneva, with a little of its lake, is seen in the distance, backed by the mountains of the Voirons ; and immediately below lies the junction of the Arve and the Rhone, where the white, turbid waters of the former, descending on the right from the glaciers of Mont Blanc, unite slowly with the

“ Blue waters of the arrowy Rhone,”

and a long line of separation below their confluence in a common bed, marks the reluctant mingling of their streams.



Mr. Light Heart's fine Sketches
LADY NOEL BYRON.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LADY NOEL BYRON.

From an Original Miniature, by W. J. Newton.

“A **wife** would be the salvation of me,” says Lord Byron, in a journal kept by him in 1814; but he was either so unprepared and unfit to enjoy the happiness of married life, or so unfortunate in his choice, that his nuptials were productive of little beside disappointment and misery. The respect and admiration in which he held the character and accomplishments of Miss Millbanke he often recorded. One instance in his journal is: “Yesterday a very pretty letter from Anabella, which I answered. What an odd situation and friendship is ours! without one spark of love on either side, and produced by circumstances which in general lead to coldness on one side, and aversion on the other. She is a very superior woman, and very little spoiled, which is strange in an heiress; a girl of twenty; a peeress, that is to be, in her own right; an only child, and a *savante*, who has always had her own way. She is a poetess—a mathematician—a metaphysician; and yet, with all, very kind, generous, and

THE RIGHT HON. LADY NOEL BYRON.

gentle, with very little pretension. Any other head would be turned with half of her acquirements, and a tenth of her advantages." Subsequently to this notice in his journal, he writes to Moore: "I mean to pull up and marry. I have been and am in tolerable love; but of that hereafter as it may be."

The desire of many of Byron's friends to see him weaned, by an honourable affection, from the errant course of life which he had been long pursuing, led them to hail the turn of his thoughts seriously to marriage, "that is," says Moore, "as seriously as his thoughts were ever capable of being turned. It was chiefly by the advice and intervention of Lady Melbourne that he became a suitor for the hand of a relation of that lady, Miss Millbanke. Though his proposal was not then accepted, every assurance of friendship and regard accompanied the refusal: a wish was even expressed that they should continue to write to each other; and a correspondence in consequence—somewhat singular between two young persons of different sexes, insomuch as love was not the subject of it—ensued between them. We have seen how highly Lord Byron estimated as well the virtues as the accomplishments of the young lady; but it is evident that on neither side, at this period, was love either felt or possessed." And it may be added, that those who regarded the happiness of either, deeply regretted that love was

THE RIGHT HON. LADY NOEL BYRON.

ever again professed. Again, however, he offered, and was accepted ; and the marriage took place on the 2d of January following, at Seaham, in the county of Durham, the seat of Sir Ralph Millbanke, the lady's father. Lord Byron appears to have well remembered the heartlessness of his feelings towards the woman he was marrying, and upon whose happiness he had so coldly speculated ; for in "The Dream," written many years after, there is a passage shewing a melancholy picture of his state of mind at the moment of that ceremony, upon which so much of their happiness or misery depended.

" I saw him stand
Before the altar, with a gentle bride ;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The starlight of his boyhood." —

A year had scarcely passed away before these ill-fated parties separated. A child was born during that time, who, it might have been hoped, would, by the tenderest ties of nature, have linked their feelings with an object of common interest, and created a deep affection, even where nothing beyond a cold profession of it appears to have previously existed ; but this claim, so strong with others, was weak in their struggle with disappointed happiness and wounded pride. Of the domestic differences of Lord and Lady Byron, the world knows too much or too little. It knows the fact of

THE RIGHT HON. LADY NOEL BYRON.

their early separation, of which Lord Byron has again and again reiterated, in poetry and in prose, his ignorance of the cause; whilst Lady Byron, in the letter of comment upon Moore's biography of her lord, declares, without naming it, that it was so strong and insurmountable, as to justify her resolution never to see him again.

Mr. Moore's remarks upon this separation, p. 208, vol. iii., only go to shew, that that unfitness of temper, which is a source of domestic misery, is the punishment of those who have so little understood each other before marriage; but "the cause"—the cause, is a mystery. They parted, says Lord Byron, in good temper and kindness. What, then, could have occurred so sudden and so fatal? Certainly not the bickerings of an ill-sorted marriage; "the last words of the parting wife to the husband being those of the most playful affection; whilst the language of the deserted husband towards the wife, was in a strain, as the world knows, of the tenderest eulogy." Byron, after the separation, writes of her with the deepest feelings of respect. In a letter to Moore, p. 204, vol. iii., he says: "There never was a better, or even a brighter, a kinder, or a more amiable or agreeable being than Lady B. I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make her, while with me. Where there is blame, it belongs to myself; and if I cannot redeem, I must bear it." Moore says: "At

THE RIGHT HON. LADY NOEL BYRON.

the time of their parting, there could have been no very deep sense of injury on either side. If there be any truth, however, in the principle, that they ‘never pardon who have done the wrong,’ Lord Byron, who was to the last disposed to reconciliation, proved, so far at least, his conscience to have been unhaunted by any very disturbing consciousness of aggression.” Yet she parted from him with a feeling of resentment so strong, from a cause so irresistible, that her declared alternative was, placing him in a madhouse, or parting with him for ever.

What the cause of separation was, would in private life have been the affair of no one but the angry and divided parties. Lord Byron’s character, however, as an author is a part of his country’s fame, and united to its history by ties which can end only with its language ; and as much of that which sprung from his mind, and has immortalised his memory, evidently arose from his disappointment of married happiness, it cannot be said to be no affair of the world’s. Lady Byron’s conduct to her lord, like that of the wife of Milton or Socrates, can never be separated from his biography ; for notoriety is the price which every woman pays who marries a distinguished man — whatever she does to increase or blight his happiness to whom she is united, is as imperishably recorded as his reputation. The world, therefore, will care and trouble itself about them. The cause

THE RIGHT HON. LADY NOEL BYRON.

of this separation, which he has declared was to him unknown, was, she said, to her insuperable. These are contradictions which leave the world to conjectures which are not complimentary to either.

Lord Byron has shewn, in his letters and his works, in the humour of sulkiness, of anger, or of tenderness, that when he had lost every chance of that happiness which “bearance and forbearance” might have secured to him, he learned its value too late, and felt most bitterly its privation whilst bearing about with him a broken spirit. He appears never to have entirely lost sight of the hope of reconciliation with Lady Byron; and his last thought—his latest sigh—were for those whose names he then faintly murmured—his wife and his child.

In praise of Lady Byron let it be told, that the retirement she has persevered in since the separation, whether in grief or in anger, has been silent. Her time has been affectionately devoted to the care and education of her daughter; and it is said that she sometimes recalls the memory of her illustrious but wayward husband, with feelings softened by time and death to a tenderer tone than her wounded pride would allow her to communicate to him when living, or her delicacy will permit her to blazon over his grave.



Drawn by F. J. Smith

Engraved by W. H. Worrell

ADA
(FROM THE ORIGINAL MINIATURE.)

"Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart!"

Reproduced from a sketch by F. J. Smith and engraved by W. H. Worrell.

A D A.

Drawn by F. Stone, from an Original Miniature.

“ Is thy face like thy mother’s, my fair child !
Ada ! sole daughter of my house and heart ?*
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
And then we parted,—not as now we part,
But with a hope. * * * * *

“ My daughter ! with thy name this song begun—
My daughter ! with thy name thus much shall end—
I see thee not,—I hear thee not,—but none
Can be so wrapt in thee ; thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend :
Albeit my brow thou never should’st behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart,—when mine is cold,—
A token and a tone even from thy father’s mould.

“ To aid thy mind’s development,—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys,—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth,—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects—wonders yet to thee !—
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,

* Some years after, Lord Byron wrote upon a proof sheet of “Marino Faliero,”—“Ada, all but the mouth, is the picture of her mother, and I am glad of it.”

ADA.

And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—
This, it should seem, was not reserved for me ;
Yet this was in my nature :—as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like to this.

“ Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be taught,
I know that thou wilt love me ; though my name
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught
With desolation,—and a broken claim ;
Though the grave closed between us,— 'twere the same ;
I know that thou wilt love me ; though to drain
My blood from out thy being were an aim,
And an attainment,—all would be in vain,—
Still thou would'st love me, still that more than life retain.

“ The child of love,—though born in bitterness,
And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire
These were the elements,—and thine no less.
As yet such are around thee,—but thy fire
Shall be more tempered, and thy hope far higher.
Sweet be thy cradled slumbers ! O'er the sea,
And from the mountains where I now respire,
Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been to me !”

Childe Harold, canto iii.

In a letter to Moore, dated Jan. 5, 1816; Lord Byron says—“ The little girl was born on the 10th of December last. Her name is Augusta Ada.”

This interesting child of an unhappy marriage is now grown to womanhood, endowed with those ener-

ADA.

gies of character which “ mark the stock she sprung from,” and adorned with high attainments, but softened to that gentleness, which a careful education, and the constant and affectionate guardianship of her accomplished mother, have induced. She is expected to take her station in society this season, 1833, or, as it is fashionably called, “*come out*.” Though tall and handsome in person, and quiet and elegant in manners, she will find herself an object of interest, beyond what it is possible for character or accomplishments to create, as the daughter of the most extraordinary man of our day, and the being with whose happiness his brightest hopes inseparably existed. She appears to have been almost the only living thing to which Lord Byron was invariable in the direction of his intense affection. She was never mentioned by him but in terms which shew that his separation from her was the chief bitterness of his life. Yet, except indirectly, intelligence concerning her rarely reached him. Four years after they parted, he says, “ I have never heard any thing of Ada, the little Electra of my Mycenæ.” If this be true, the cruelty must have been studied—it cannot be taken literally.

It is to be hoped, that she is proud of the immortal distinction of her name; that she has been taught to look only on the bright side of her father’s character, and to give that affection to his memory, the hope of which was almost the only cheering ray that latterly shone upon him in his exile.